FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, MAY 5, 1945
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2363 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 5 1945

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Supplies are now very limited, but are distributed as fairly as possible amongst Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants throughout the United Kingdom.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

By Appointment

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

In due course there will be a LAGONDA both smaller and less costly.

LAGONDA LTD., STAINES, MIDDLESEX

For HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

1/3 & 3/- Incl. Purchase Tax

Sold everywhere in tablet and powder form.

Cephos REGD

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

is safe and certain

JUST YOUR CUP OF TEA

3/4 PER LB.

DOCTOR

REGD. TRADE MARK

CEYLON TEA

No medicinal value claimed

Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 20 Eastcheap, E.C.3

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

All classes of insurance transacted

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

MOTOR POLICIES

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

'Second to None'

GREYS
CIGARETTES

Better and firmer packed with honest-to-goodness tobacco

IN TWO SIZES:
STANDARD 20 for 2/4 · BIG 20 for 3/2

Greys Appeal for
'AID TO RUSSIA'

Russia still bleeds . . . heavy casualties are the price of victory. In the vast territories liberated from the enemy countless civilians are homeless. Medical and surgical supplies, clothing and blankets are desperately needed. Please say 'thank you' to our great ally. Send a donation to:

Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross
'AID TO RUSSIA' FUND
St. James's Palace, S.W.1

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

Volume CLXXXI No. 2363 The SPHERE, London, May 5, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE AMERICAN AND RED ARMIES LINK UP AT TORGAU, 100 MILES FROM BERLIN, WHERE TROOPS OF THE U.S. FIRST ARMY MET FORWARD ELEMENTS OF THE RUSSIAN FIFTY-EIGHTH GUARDS DIVISION: Major-General E. F. Reinhardt, Commanding General of the American Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division, is here seen with the Russian Major-General after their meeting on the River Elbe

At 4.40 p.m. on Wednesday, April 25, the Russian and American Armies met—at Torgau on the River Elbe, 30 miles from Leipzig and 100 miles from Berlin. The long-expected link-up was effected between the Sixty-Ninth Division of the U.S. First Army and the Fifty-Eighth Guards Division of the Russian First Ukrainian Command. As befitted such an historic occasion, the dramatic moment was made the subject of three simultaneous announcements, from London, Washington and Moscow. A Russian infantry column which had moved into Torgau a few hours before spotted an American jeep and opened fire on it, under the impression that it contained Nazi soldiers. As soon as recognition had been achieved, the men from the West and the men from the East were shaking hands. Shortly afterwards the two Generals seen in the picture met and the link-up had been effected

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 296

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

"The Doctor's Dilemma."—

So far as conditions allowed, Goebbels' machine has been blaring out the good news that the Führer was in the capital and the Reich as good as saved from Bolshevism. And all the people (*pace* Goebbels) rejoiced and cried: "Our Führer is among us. His genius will save our city." Faith, hope or charity? Or only the Doctor still at his little tricks? Who shall say? But who would deny the Doctor his tribute of praise? He has succeeded, as no other competitor, in making home propaganda pay, and small wonder if his faith in it survives to the end. But the Berliners' faith in Hitler was contradicted by facts. While they waited for the Führer's genius to work, they hung out flags, red or white according to taste, just to be on the safe side. For propaganda is a boomerang. It is just as effective in painting the Bolshevik bogy black and red, as in painting Hitler's godhead gold and white. We don't know at time of writing whether Hitler was, or is still, in Berlin, but we have reason to believe that the Russians are there. So *The Doctor's Dilemma* is playing once more to crowded houses in Berlin.

Is He in Heaven? Is He in Hell?—

Last week I wrote of how Fate cheats the hangman, with special reference to the letter "H" in the Nazi alphabet of arch-criminals. The "twitching of my thumb," as I wrote, invited me to do more than *hint* that the arch-criminal and most capital H of all had already cheated the hangman. However I resisted and left my "intuition" vague. None the less, all logic seemed to point that way, if one coolly examined the Berlin propaganda campaign in the last hours of Berlin's defence. It was propaganda run riot: crass, brass-bound, unreal; that insistence on the Führer directing the storm at the barricades and riding the whirlwind of Bolshevik fury. It seemed reasonable enough to declare that Hitler alive (or dead) was being used as "an inverse mascot for the last Gadarene rush of his high priests." I have always believed Hitler would cheat the hangman (and scores of his best-loved disciples, also); and I have incurred a vast amount of rough stuff from robust readers for venturing that prophecy. One day, perhaps, they will apologise . . . or rub it in. One day, perhaps, the most ardent believer in the superior efficacy of man's methods of punishment and judgment over those of Providence may moderate his views, when Jack Ketch sends in his final account rendered . . . or cram them down my throat. This I know: the earth will smell sweeter when at last no Hitler shares the common right to inhale and exhale its air. For all too many years our house has been pervaded and befouled by that onion stink from the thieves' kitchen; the name and fame and infamy of the commonest criminal in all the calendar of unmentionable crime have obsessed the minds of the whole world and engaged its total energies for a dozen hideous years. What a searchlight is here on the frailty of civilisation and on the total inability of men of good will to co-operate. *Hitler*—the most famous name in all History!

"Told by an Idiot, Full of Sound and Fury."—

When ever civilisation makes another mighty boast of its Enlightenment and Perfection—and it won't be long before these heady boasts are made again—let the new *homo sapiens* turn back the pages of history to the period 1933-1943. There should be a permanent black-edged marker kept in that chapter. During those ten years (thanks to the inability of civilised men to co-operate; thanks to their myopia; selfishness and lethargy which prevented them from raising a hand to defend themselves against an obvious and mortal danger), the world was ruled by half-a-dozen men who were not only common, uneducated criminals, but most of them at one time or another certified lunatics. And these half-dozen *cretins* were not only highly successful and worshipped as gods in their own countries, but for many years were flattered and admired fulsomely, and feared exceedingly, by the rest of the world who were their obvious victims. Many a British statesman and ambassador have paid high tributes to their greatness and genius as world figures of mighty stature. Here they are:—*Hitler* — a notorious paranoiic. ("Greater than Napoleon.") *Mussolini*—a notorious paranoiic: a lecherous nonentity. ("The greatest genius in Europe to-day.") *Göring*—a gross paunch, with all the criminal tendencies of an abnormal boy—twice confined in a lunatic asylum. *Hess*—twice confined in mental hospitals and now permanently insane. *Ribbentrop*—a pedlar of cheap wines, insanely vain. ("The modern Metternich.") *Himmler*—worst manifestations of criminal lunacy, sadism, treachery and megalomania. *Goebbels*—the clumsiest liar in history or fiction who yet went nearer than any other liar to achieve the impossible (to deceive *all* the people *all* the time). If ever "life was a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," it was in this chapter of our civilisation! When next we feel inclined to boast of enlightenment or progress, let us humbly turn to it, where the black-edged marker lies to mourn the decease of *homo sapiens*. For this was the nadir of man's wisdom. It is not exactly an *edifying* chapter in the history of civilisation. No doubt, like others, it was written (in blood) for our learning. It should make us a little more humble; a little less boastful and self-confident.

In the Bag and Still Outside.—

There is a curious assortment of notables—stragglers from two world wars—still at large in what is left of the Reich. Its numbers are daily reduced. Papen, Pétain, and one or two ex-Imperial princes and Field-Marshals and armament princes have lately been counted; but still there remains a wealth of rare and curious exhibits to be accounted for. For example, all that remains of the ex-Kaiser's once-glittering quiverful. How many of them when they come into the bag will declare that they hated Nazism like the devil, which I doubt not is the sober truth? And no doubt they have peopled the Reich with their children's children. And then there are the wives and families of the Hitler gang, and Laval and Lord Haw-Haw and a score of fugitive quislings, bolting east and doubling back west, south, north; hiding in caves and haunting the frontiers on the chance of a bolt through, with or without portable loot. What a marvellous Zoo or peep-show the collection would make when it is complete! It would show to crowded houses all over Europe, if organised as a travelling circus. It would be 100 per cent. box office, and the receipts might go towards restoring Europe. And when the show ceased to attract, we could hang the lot and wind up the Watch on the Rhine.

A NEW COAT FOR THE PRIME MINISTER—that of a City Liveryman's: A picture taken last week at Mercers' Hall, when Mr. Churchill became a Liveryman of the City of London in the presence of the Masters and Prime Wardens of all the city Companies. After the ceremony, which took the form of his admission to the Freedom and Livery of the Mercers' Company, the premier guild, Mr. Churchill was entertained to luncheon at the Grocers' Hall. He walked in procession in his Scarlet Livery gown and Tudor hat to the Hall and was given a great reception by the thousands who had gathered to witness the procession

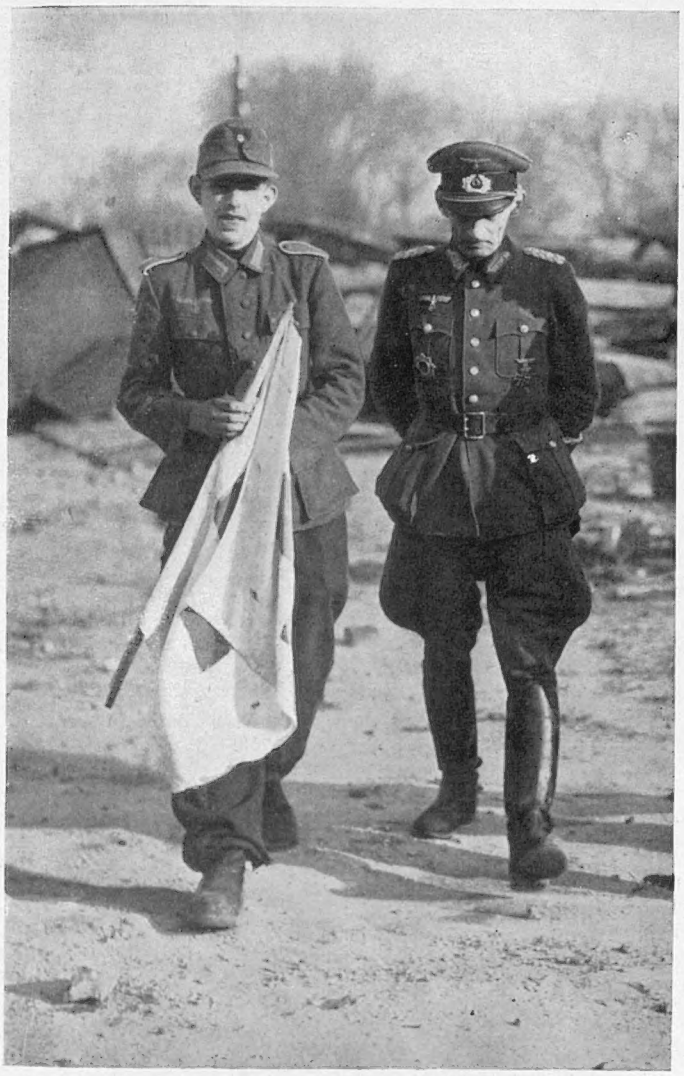
'Frisco.—

Whatever is settled at 'Frisco will assuredly reveal defects in practice and can only be a blue print which must admit of evolutionary progress and amendment. No sane man expects cast-iron perfection or a definitive remedy against sin and war. The sanest optimist goes farther and concedes that the proposed solution, whereby five great Powers can, any one of them, veto decisive action, is far from ideal but is practical realism in that it accepts the nasty truth that, still as of old, power and responsibility cannot be divorced. The accent—we take it on trust—must fall on the last word: *responsibility*. It is that or nothing—to hope for the best from a patent compromise or once more to give up all hope of a world organisation. The longings of suffering humanity, generation after generation, led to the slaughter—"*here* they alike in trembling hope repose. . . ." What hope of the Dumbarton Oaks withering or growing green? It all rests on that responsibility. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* And that trusteeship of the Great Powers can only be exercised internationally and in co-operation. Naturally and unilaterally interpreted, the document which emerges will be worth the paper it is signed on. And if we observe hints of unilateral action taken or national aims pursued *before* the draft is worried out, our hopes of 'Frisco will not burn higher.

For this Relief . . . .—

We have been snubbed and castigated again for wishful thinking. V.E. day is put off *sine die*. We are once more urged to pay no attention whatever to the blabbings and prophecies of the minor prophets of Whitehall and Fleet Street; and God knows, we ought to need no urging. It is these prophets who have no honour. We have a sop thrown to us—the dim-out is expunged. Time was when I vowed that, if ever that day came, I would burn our total black-out in a glorious bonfire after dark in the drive. But now? No. I shall keep it in store. Very rightly, talk about V.E. day is outlawed; but here is a suggestion for another sop or payment on account: Let the Fuel Controller and the Police give up those hateful prosecutions of persons suspected of misusing their petrol ration. To magistrates all over the country these prosecutions are hateful beyond words. A very few, of course, are fully justified. Many more are mere examples of bureaucracy at its vilest, the refusal to trust any citizen to use his petrol allowance to the best advantage in the interests of the State or even of economy; or to *think for himself*. Time and again, people have been prosecuted for using their cars in order to save a greater expenditure of petrol (and money) by hiring taxis at each end of a train journey. And some of the thinnest prosecutions have been mere *snooping* by busy-body policemen trying to earn a good mark. [*E.g.*, running-in a small farmer who has deviated one mile to have a drink and fix the services of a neighbour's bull.] Gestapo methods are less in favour than ever, and it is high time that Bureaucracy and the Police should try to recover some of their lost popularity and the respect of the hard-driven public, which in general (but not in this particular) they thoroughly deserve. If in May 1945 a *decent* citizen who has been accorded for five years four gallons of petrol per month for his lawful occasions cannot be left alone to employ it in the best interests of the State, let us frankly admit that Totalitarianism is the goal and the Gestapo the ideal. We do not expect a larger ration of petrol. We do expect a larger ration of confidence in our average integrity, decency and common sense after six years of testing in acid.

THE OLD STAGER



THE SURRENDER OF GERMANY'S "RADIO GENERAL": General Kurt Dittmar comes in to the lines of the U.S. Thirtieth Division, with his son, Berend, bearing a Red Cross flag. *Below*—The General's face after his surrender

On Wednesday, April 25, General Kurt Dittmar, the Wehrmacht's radio commentator, crossed the Elbe in a rowing-boat and walked into the American lines on the Ninth Army front with his sixteen-year-old son, Berend, who bore a Red Cross flag. He declared that he had come across the river to intercede for the civilian wounded; but, actually, he was in fear of falling into the hands of the Russians. He was given half an hour to decide if he wished to give himself up: at the end of that time he surrendered to the Thirtieth Division. Both father and son were in uniform. The General is fifty-seven years of age. His last broadcast was on March 15

PROMINENT NAZIS IN ALLIED HANDS

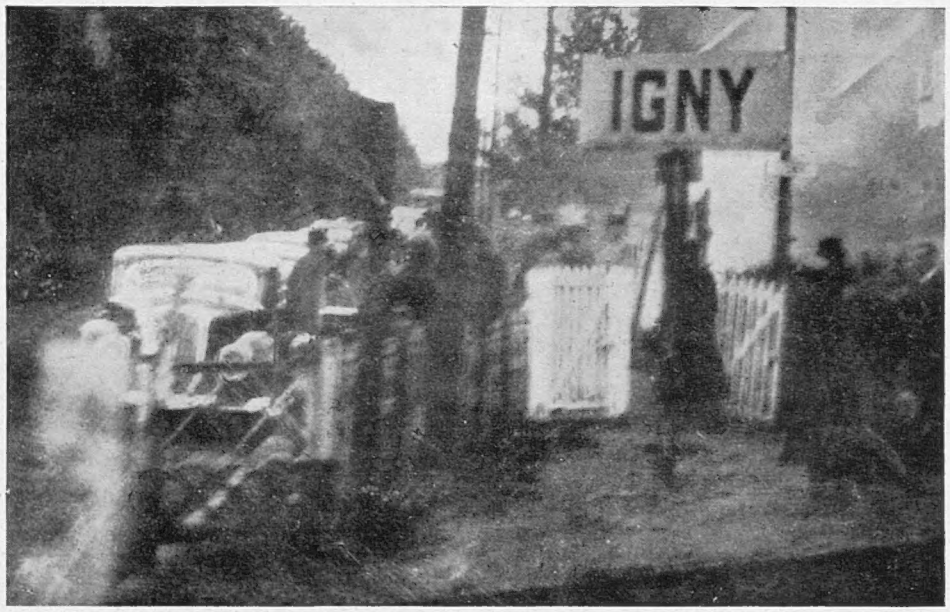
And the Return to France of Marshal Petain

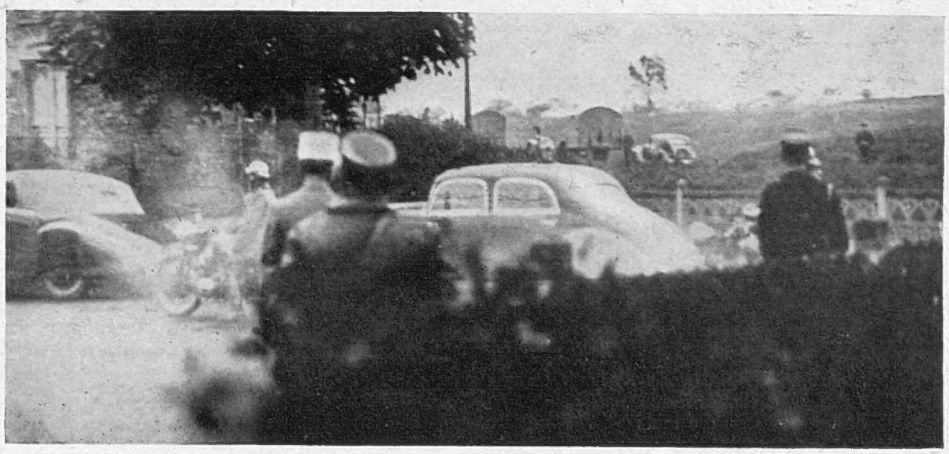
On right—Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth of the ex-Kaiser's six sons, two of whom are dead, was arrested a fortnight ago near Frankfurt. He is one of more than four hundred suspects now held in gaol as political prisoners following a two-weeks' drive carried out under the orders of the Military Government in Frankfurt to round up fanatical Nazi "Werewolves" and other anti-Allied agents before they could do any more harm in furthering the lost cause of their Führer

Below—The aged Marshal Petain is now in Fort Montrouge, to the south of Paris. He has returned from Germany, via Switzerland, to stand his trial in France. His journey to Paris was made by car, and he was accompanied by a number of personal attendants and ex-officials of the Vichy regime—all of whom have been staying in Germany since the invasion of France by the Allies. The two pictures below were taken at Igny during the journey to the capital

PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM, FOURTH SON OF THE EX-KAISER, in Allied hands at his country house. He was for years a big propaganda figure in the Nazi party and a Group Leader of the S.A.

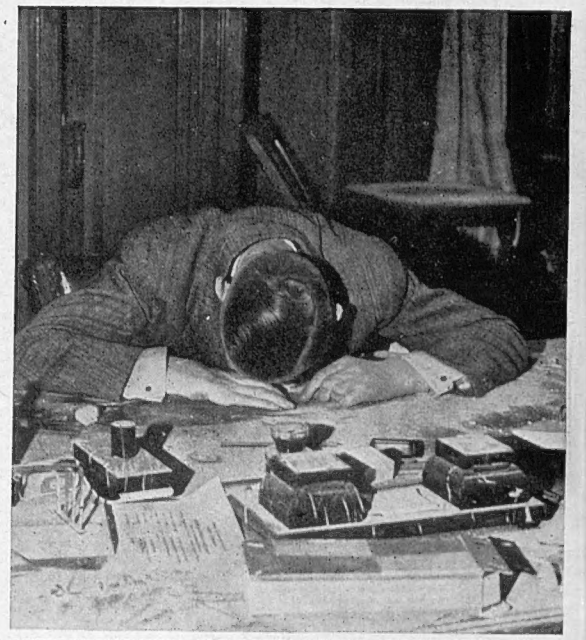
THE BROTHER OF DR. GOEBBELS IS CAPTURED: Hans Goebbels, a Major-General of the Nazi S.A. During his interrogation he professed to have no knowledge whatever of the whereabouts of his more infamous brother, from whom he said he had not heard since January. Dr. Goebbels has already announced that he would remain in Berlin to the end with his wife and children





MARSHAL PETAIN GIVES HIMSELF UP FOR TRIAL IN FRANCE: *Above*—The arrival of the caravan of cars from Switzerland at Igny, near Paris. *Below*—The passage of the Marshal under escort towards the French capital (see *note above*)

AFTER A WINE PARTY IN THE LEIPZIG CITY HALL: The Burgomaster, Alfred Freyburg, sprawls dead over his desk after having poisoned himself; his wife reclines in the armchair on the left; and his daughter is on the settee on the right. These prominent Nazis preferred this way out when troops of the U.S. First Army entered the city. Other Nazi leaders committed suicide by other means



OBERBURGMEISTER (OR LORD MAYOR) OF LEIPZIG, Alfred Freyburg, dead at his desk. He was one of the leading industrialists of the city. With him died his wife and eighteen-year-old daughter, who all took cyanide rather than be captured by the Americans

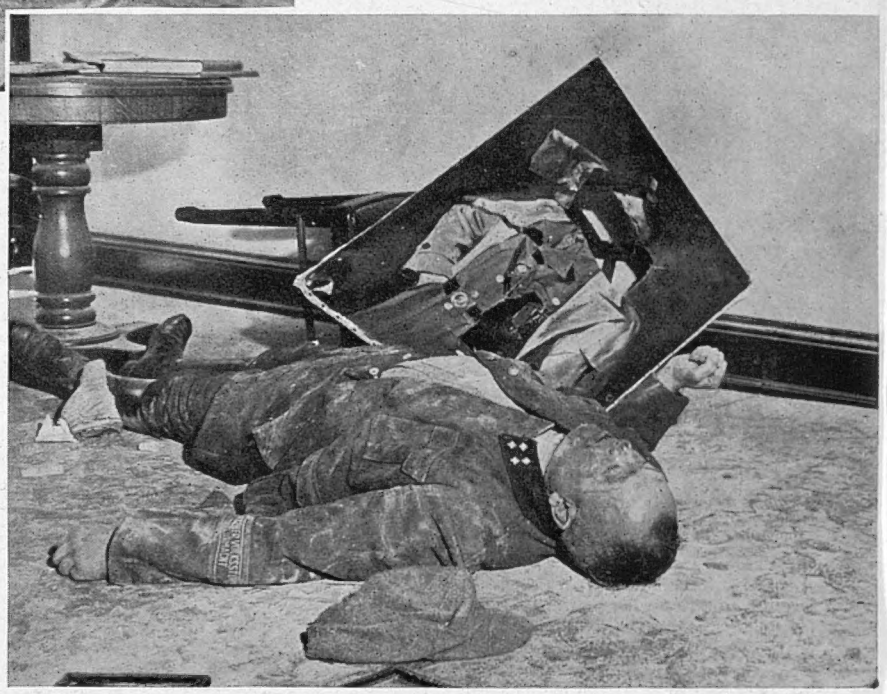
The FATE of the NAZIS

The Suicide of Some of the Leaders, and the Capture of Others

—Pictures from Leipzig and Other German Cities

As the American First Army approached Leipzig, and just before its capture on April 19, a wave of suicides swept the city as high Nazi officials took their lives rather than face their conquerors and, possibly, be held to account for their misdeeds. In the City Hall, the Lord Mayor, the Deputy Lord Mayor, and their wives and children held a wine party and then poisoned themselves with cyanide. At the same moment, in another part of the building, a Nazi Volkssturm general also chose this way out.

Elsewhere, the deputy District Leader of the Nazis, Dr. Tiller, shot himself; the managing director of the Schneider bazooka factory blew himself up with a large section of the factory; and a group of S.S. troops shot themselves after a champagne and schnapps party.



THE END OF A NAZI: As well as the Lord Mayor and his family, another Nazi was found dead on the floor of an office in the Leipzig City Hall. He was a General of the Volkssturm, or Nazi Home Guard. Beside him was a portrait of his Führer, ripped from its frame and with the face slashed out

THE WIDOW OF THE EX-KAISER IS DETAINED BY THE AMERICANS: The Empress Hermina, widow of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, was found and detained at Schloss Stolberg, in Rossla, her sister's home, by men of General Terry Allen's 104th Division. Asked what the "nice people" thought about the foul things Germany had done during this war, she said: "We heard rumours, of course, but we didn't realise that such terrible things were really being done. The people as a whole never wanted to go to war." Here she is seen walking down the Schalger Strasse in Rossla with Princess Carmo-Hartung: the latter is wheeling a push-chair containing Prince Franz-Joseph of Prussia, the Princess's two-year-old son

VON PAPEN, WREATHED IN SMILES, IN CUSTODY WITH HIS SON AND SON-IN-LAW: The extremely unpleasant Nazi diplomat, former Chancellor of Germany and then Ambassador to Turkey, was captured at his chateau at Stockhausen, 20 miles south-east of Hamm. After questioning he was sent into custody and is now being held by the Americans. This picture was taken as Franz von Papen with his son Max (centre) and Max von Shockmansten, his son-in-law were about to board a transport plane at a Ninth Air Force base on the Continent

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

A TWILIGHT AIR ATTACK BY THE JAPANESE FAILS : An enemy bomber tried to pierce the heavy barrage protecting the invasion fleet off Okinawa on the evening of April 6. It was cut to pieces by anti-aircraft shells before it could do any damage, however, and crashed in a pillar of flame into the sea. Vicious attacks have been made by "suicide" pilots on both naval vessels and merchantmen lying off the island on more than one occasion, but the Japs have so far been able to claim little material result

PART OF THE BRITISH PACIFIC FLEET WHICH HAS BEEN CO-OPERATING WITH THE AMERICANS IN THE RYUKYUS : On the right is the bow of the battleship "King George V"; to the left are two big aircraft-carriers. All three are at anchor at a base in the Western Pacific after having taken part with the "Task Force" composed of British vessels which bombarded and bombed the islands on the left flank of the invasion area. These three are only some of the many capital ships of the Royal Navy now assisting in the campaign against the Japs

AFTER THE MARINES HAD GONE ASHORE ON APRIL 1 : The scene on Okinawa Island as an amphibious armoured tank advanced at the edge of the Yontan airstrip. U.S. Marines are following behind the tank : in the background an underground petrol store is burning after being hit by a shell. At this stage of the invasion the Americans encountered but little opposition from the enemy garrison, but since then fighting has been bitter, with the Japs resisting fiercely at every point on the island

FIGHTING THROUGH TO BERLIN

And Some of the Methods Pursued by the Allies in Their Advance

—Special Sphere Drawings

ONE OF THE FIGHTING METHODS OF THE BRITISH ARMY DURING THE BIG ADVANCE: Mobile guns lead the way and clear the towns and villages along the routes followed by the big convoys—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In preparation for the great drive into Germany, a constant stream of guns and ammunition was transported across the Rhine so that the big lorry convoys could have adequate protection and yet advance at great speed. To do this, each column was headed by hard-hitting tanks and by rubber-wheeled vehicles on which were mounted light mobile guns, as depicted in our drawing above. As opposition was encountered in towns and villages still held by enemy detachments left behind to delay the advance, the British armour and artillery wiped out the Nazi strong-points whilst the column halted behind. As soon as one point was overcome, the whole convoy would then move on to the next village. It was only by such means that the rate of advance—almost unequalled in European warfare—could be maintained for days on end

A CHANGE IN FIGHTING TACTICS BY THE NAZIS: No longer was the main danger confined to the fighting front; it also extended to behind the main spearheads, where gangs of German snipers lay in wait to pick off British and American troops—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Most of the casualties amongst the Allied troops engaged in the great drive were caused *behind* the actual spearheads. The retreating enemy threw up road-blocks in many places; at others, they lay in wait in woods by the roadside and sniped at the Allied troops as they moved up in support. It was not always possible to clear forests, woods and villages, owing to the high rate of advance, and ten or a dozen determined snipers could wreak much damage amongst isolated detachments as the latter passed by. Eventually, of course, such suicide squads would be wiped out as more and more troops came up—but, in the meantime, the havoc they caused could be considerable. In this case, a party of snipers hidden in a wood have been located and engaged by a jeep-load of American soldiers on the road

PICTURESQUE GERMAN TOWNS ARE BEING REDUCED TO RUBBLE AND CHOKED WITH THE DEBRIS OF WAR : A typical scene in a gabled street after the Nazis had resisted the Allied advance. The main route through the town is littered with wrecked tanks and supply vehicles—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Before the retreat of the Germans became a rout, the enemy put up a strong resistance in many of their towns—with disastrous results for themselves. The towns were pulled down about their ears by the Allied guns and aircraft. A swath of destruction was cut right through the heart of Germany before organised resistance broke down and our armies forced their way through to the plains. Historic and picturesque towns now lie in ruins, with destroyed tanks, disabled guns and wrecked supply vehicles blocking some of the main routes towards the east. How this debris is being dealt with is depicted in the drawing below : but the bulldozers are, of course, only clearing the main through routes. The task of clearing thoroughly the wrecked towns and villages—and rebuilding them—will be a problem that the Germans will themselves have to perform when the war is over

AS A RESULT OF THE GREAT DESTRUCTION IN GERMAN TOWNS AND VILLAGES, THE BULLDOZER IS NOW MORE ESSENTIAL THAN EVER. Even before the fighting has ceased, the great vehicles are put on to the task of hacking a way through the debris so that the supply vehicles can go through in support of the advancing infantry and tank spearheads. These bulldozers can perform incredible feats in the clearance of choked streets, pushing great mounds of debris to one side as if it were child's play : in places, they have been working in teams under the protection of tanks—*Drawing by E. G Lambert*

C

THE VANQUISHING OF THE LUFTWAFFE—an incident which graphically portrays the nature of the present air fighting over Germany. Two Mustangs scatter ninety Nazi fighters and shoot down five, owing to the poor fighting qualities of the enemy — *Drawing by Roland Davies*

Germany's resources in planes remain considerable, according to General Vandenberg, leader of the U.S Ninth Air Force. What they lack are fuel and first-class pilots; and, of course, the number of airfields from which they can operate is dwindling every day. The drawing above gives an illuminating instance of Luftwaffe deterioration. Two Mustangs encountered a force of ninety Nazi fighters: by wading into the first formation, they shot five out of the sky before the enemy made off for his home base. The fighting quality of the pilots is sadly below that of a few years—even a few months—ago

BREMEN and BERLIN

And How They Were Reached by the Allied Armies

—Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings

THE ATTACK ON NORTH-WEST GERMANY AND THE GREAT PORT AREA BY THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMIES: How the troops forced their way into the Bremen suburbs with flame-throwers in the van to overcome the stubborn Nazi resistance at the head of the Weser River—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

While the united pressure from east and west was closing in on Berlin, British and Canadian Armies were pushing up towards the area of the great German ports. Emden, Bremen and Hamburg stood out as obvious targets. The major operation developed in front of the central port of Bremen, historic city on the Weser, which has grown into a great modern port around the ancient core of Hanseatic Bremen. This area, enclosed by waterways, lies in the centre of the city: the harbours and docks lie to the west. The city had been warned that if it did not surrender it would feel the full weight of the Allied bombing forces, coupled with intensive shelling from the guns. The civilians were warned by leaflets that this massed attack would take place if the Nazi forces continued to resist. As no surrender came, the storm of bomb and shell was released against Bremen, and General Dempsey's troops penetrated the southern outlying small towns and villages to west and east of the city. Flame-throwers were used as the advance into the southern suburbs continued

THE DUAL THRUST TOWARDS BERLIN, FROM THE ELBE AND THE ODER : HOW THE THREE GREAT ALLIED ARMIES CLOSED IN ON THE GERMAN CAPITAL FROM BOTH EAST AND WEST. This view shows the great plain lying to the north of Dresden, which became the battleground for the British, American and Russian armies as they formed a complete ring round the doomed city. The Elbe lies to the left, the Oder to the right—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The final stage in the Allied attack on the capital of the German Reich consisted of a dual pressure—from the west, where the British, Canadian and U.S. forces exercised incessant pressure from the general line of the River Elbe; and from the east, where the Red armies thrust forward from the line of the River Oder. Gradually the space between the two forces narrowed. While the British pressed north-eastwards towards Hamburg, the U.S. Ninth Army struck eastwards through Brunswick to the Elbe and beyond. The U.S. First Army made for Dessau and the great industrial city of Leipzig. This meant that, with the U.S. Third Army pressing towards Dresden by way of Chemnitz, the area still held by the enemy was being closed on the line Chemnitz-Dresden-Gorlitz. While these operations were in progress, the Russians were striking eastwards from Frankfurt-on-Oder along the main road to Berlin. Red Army attacks also developed from the north-east, above Frankfurt; and from the south-east, by way of Kottbus, which fell to the Russians after some resistance. The southern envelopment included attacks at Potsdam, to the west of Berlin; the River Spree had to be crossed during these operations, but no other serious obstacles lay between the Allies and Berlin

A KEYPOINT IN THE ALLIED COMMUNICATIONS : The single-track railroad bridge over the Rhine near Wesel under construction by American engineers of the Ninth Army. It is now completed and in operation for the transport of supplies and troops to the fighting fronts in the heart of Germany. The work was carried out in very quick time, and the bridge was built alongside another which had been blown by the Germans. In addition to the bridge itself, the Americans had to prepare the approaches, and the work was carried out at a point where the river is of a considerable width

AT THE COASTAL COMMAND BASE FROM WHICH THE BIG R.A.F. SUNDERLANDS OPERATE AGAINST THE GERMAN "PIG-BOATS": While the crew enjoy a well-earned rest ashore, mechanics perform their maintenance tasks with meticulous care

FLYING-BOATS versus the U-BOATS

Coastal Command Defeats the "Last Kick" of the Nazi Submarines in the Atlantic and North Sea

The last round in a grim, unceasing battle, which might have lost the war for us at any time during the past four years, is now being fought out amid the lonely spaces of the Atlantic and in the North Sea. The sea passages between the arsenals of America and this embattled island have always been the "Achilles' heel" of our war effort, of our very capacity to continue the war against an enemy who had begun with a gigantic war machine in being, and who had acquired, in addition, the resources of three-quarters of Europe.

Nobody has appreciated that fact more than the German High Command. To that end, it has lavished everything on its U-boat weapon. Everything that German ingenuity could master has been concentrated on improving the technical efficiency of this weapon, and on its tactical employment

Even while the Russian war was pending, and before the concrete defences of the Channel coast came into being, almost the whole capacity of the great Todt labour and construction organisation was being diverted into building the vast bomb-proof U-boat pens on the Atlantic coast of France and in carving out U-boat harbours in the Baltic and the rocky fiords of Norway. It has largely been a secret battle, as it has to be in conflict so close-knit as this, and with such vast issues involved. It has had swift and violent changes of fortune for both sides. For us, there have been some pretty grim periods when nearly everything hung in the balance—more than most of us knew. But, together, the Royal Navy and R.A.F. Coastal Command have kept on the offensive and have won the day.

FLYING-BOAT PILOTS MUST KEEP THEIR MEMORY REFRESHED concerning hostile and friendly warships they are likely to encounter. Hence the silhouettes which have been drawn up for their special study at the base

THE DEPTH-CHARGES IN THE RACKS OF A SUNDERLAND after the fuses have been attached ready for instant action. The big flying-boats can carry a great number of these powerful weapons

A BUSY SCENE ON THE HARD, WHERE THE SUNDERLANDS RECEIVE A THOROUGH OVERHAUL: The big vessels are hauled out of the water for this purpose, so that both hulls and engines may be checked over. These aircraft are of colossal dimensions and can patrol for very long hours

Above—DEPTH-CHARGES, EACH WEIGHING 250 LB., are here being loaded into the racks of a Sunderland just before it sets out on an anti-U-boat patrol

Below—IN THE BAY AT THE STERN OF THE FLYING-BOAT, two of the crew clean their guns whilst the aircraft is actually en route

A VIEW OF THE HOME-MADE CONTROL TOWER at the Sunderland base, which commands a view of the waters on which the big aircraft alight

INSIDE THE CONTROL TOWER ON SHORE, from which anti-U-boat operations are organised. Contact with the aircraft is maintained by radio

THE "KING GEORGE V," IN ACTION IN THE PACIFIC, FIGHTS OFF JAPANESE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT WHICH MADE A CONCERTED ATTACK ON THE BIG BRITISH BATTLESHIP during her "strike" at the Sakashima group of islands in the Ryukyus whilst the Americans were landing on nearby Okinawa. This action took place on March 31-April 2, and was for the purpose of neutralising Jap airfields—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

VESSELS OF THE EAST INDIES FLEET BEATING OFF AN ATTACK BY JAP BOMBERS, who are aiming for a battleship which is heavily escorted by cruisers and destroyers. In the left background is one of the large aircraft-carriers which are attached to the Fleet, and on the right are Dutch naval vessels, also taking part against the Japs—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The first big action by the British Fleet in the Pacific took place when a Task Force was sent out to work alongside Admiral Spruance, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy attacking the Ryukyu Islands. The British were given the special mission of guarding the left flank of the general operations by an attack on the Saki Islands, the nearest group to Formosa. Eleven aircraft-carriers, including the *Illustrious*, were under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, while the whole Task Force was commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings. The attack upon the Saki Islands proved that the British airmen could operate as well in the Pacific as they had in the North Sea and the Mediterranean. The incident depicted above occurred when Jap bombers and fighters, from out of the cloudless sky, swooped down on the *King George V* in a wave-top attack. Only one plane penetrated the anti-aircraft defence screen and, despite that a larger formation carried out a second attack in the afternoon, the *King George V* was not hit

On left—The East Indies Fleet is a separate entity from the Pacific Fleet. One of the British vessels now operating with the former is the cruiser *Argonaut*, seen in the foreground of the picture on the left. She is one of eleven similar light cruisers armed with 5·25-in. guns, as well as many smaller weapons, chiefly anti-aircraft guns capable of putting up a fierce fire against Japanese bombers

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE FAR EAST

In Action Against the Japs Around Okinawa

Special Sphere Drawings

THE SCENE AS BRITISH FIGHTERS LEFT THE DECK OF A CARRIER TO ATTACK THE JAP AIRFIELDS AROUND OKINAWA—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Working with the British Navy in the Far East are some of the biggest and most up-to-date aircraft-carriers. Amongst the planes operating from their decks are numbers of Seafires, the naval version of the Spitfire: these are the planes seen in the drawing above

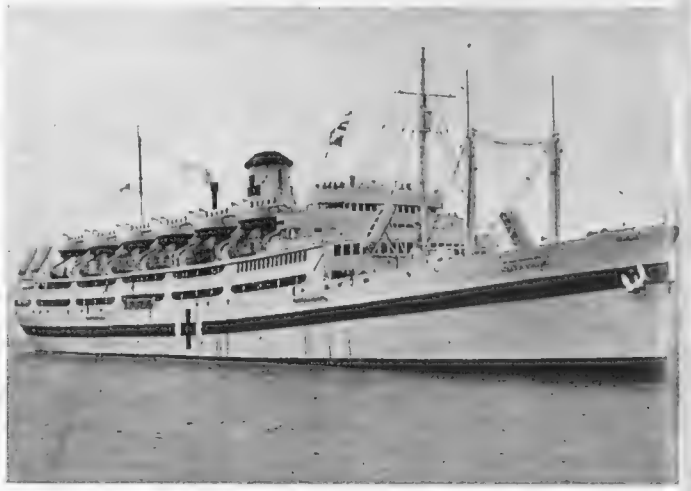
Below—**BRITISH CARRIERS IN ACTION AGAINST JAPANESE BOMBERS in the attack on the Pacific Sakashima islands: A Jap plane is shot down and explodes in the water so near to a carrier's stern that the aircraft on deck were damaged by the concussion**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* When the "strike" against the Sakashima islands was carried out by the British Pacific Fleet, the Japs attempted to hit back in two determined bombing assaults. Only one pilot got through—and he was shot down by the A.-A. fire from the British vessels. The Jap aircraft exploded in the water so close to one carrier that the concussion burst the tyres of a plane on the deck: two more enemy planes were downed by fighters, and the rest scurried off

TYPES OF ALLIED VESSELS NOW FIGHTING THE JAPS

Ships of the type seen on the right have been described as the "most useful landing vessels ever built and one of the best assets for invasion warfare." They had their first baptism of fire at Leyte, in the Philippines, and since then have been used by Gen. MacArthur in every one of his invasions. One yard alone in the U.S. has built forty-two of these large craft. The whole of the massive bow lowers down on to the beach in one piece, and above it is a platform with a powerful armament of guns to assist the landing forces

A SHIP EVOLVED FOR LANDINGS IN THE PACIFIC BATTLE ZONE: A medium Landing Ship of the type known to the U.S. Navy as the "Pacific Paddle Jumper" *(See note at left)*

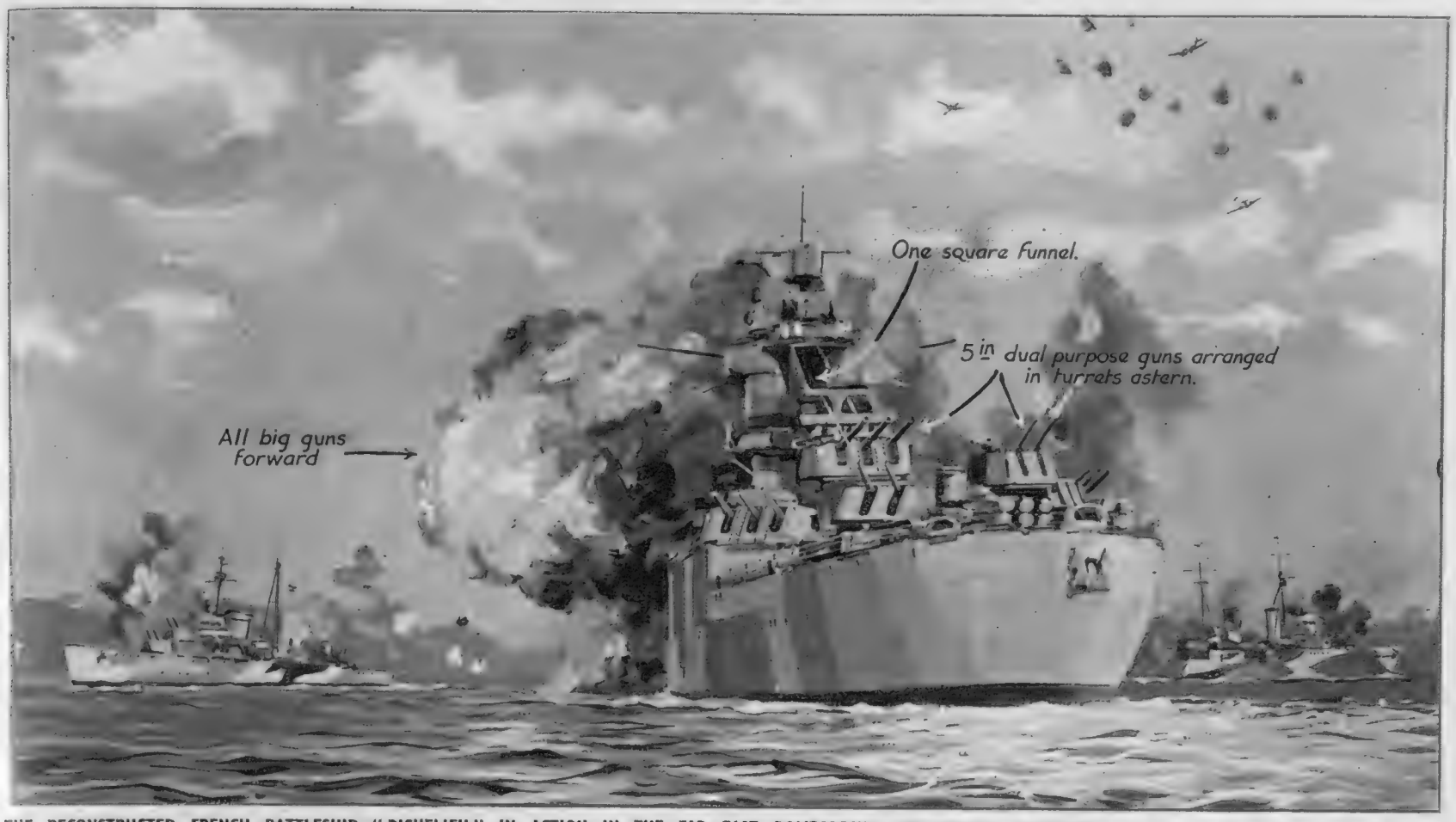
A REPAIR SHIP WITH AN AMAZING RECORD IN THIS AND THE LAST WAR: The U.S.S. *Oglala* has a past as amazing as any naval vessel afloat. Originally the s.s. *Massachusetts*, of the Fall River Line, she carried passengers between New York and Fall River, Massachusetts. In 1917 she was taken over by the Navy and became the U.S.S. *Shawmut*, helping to lay minefields in the North Sea. In the 1920's she served as an aircraft tender, during which her name was changed to the *Oglala*. In 1941 she was sunk in the Jap attack on Pearl Harbour. Months later she was raised and reconditioned, and is now serving with the U.S. Fleet in the Pacific as a repair ship



THE AMERICAN ARMY'S LARGEST HOSPITAL SHIP: The 1,000-bed hospital ship *Louis A. Milne* is the largest ship of the Army Hospital Fleet, and she is said to be the largest hospital ship afloat. She is here seen leaving her berth at the Boston port of embarkation. Formerly the s.s. *Lewis Luckenback*, inter-coastal freighter, the ship was converted at a cost of more than 7,000,000 dollars

THE FIRST SHIP TO ENTER THE CAPTAIN COOK DOCK AT SYDNEY—the famous aircraft-carrier "Illustrious." Urgent repairs to her propeller necessitated her entry into the Dock before it was officially opened by the Governor-General of Australia, the Duke of Gloucester

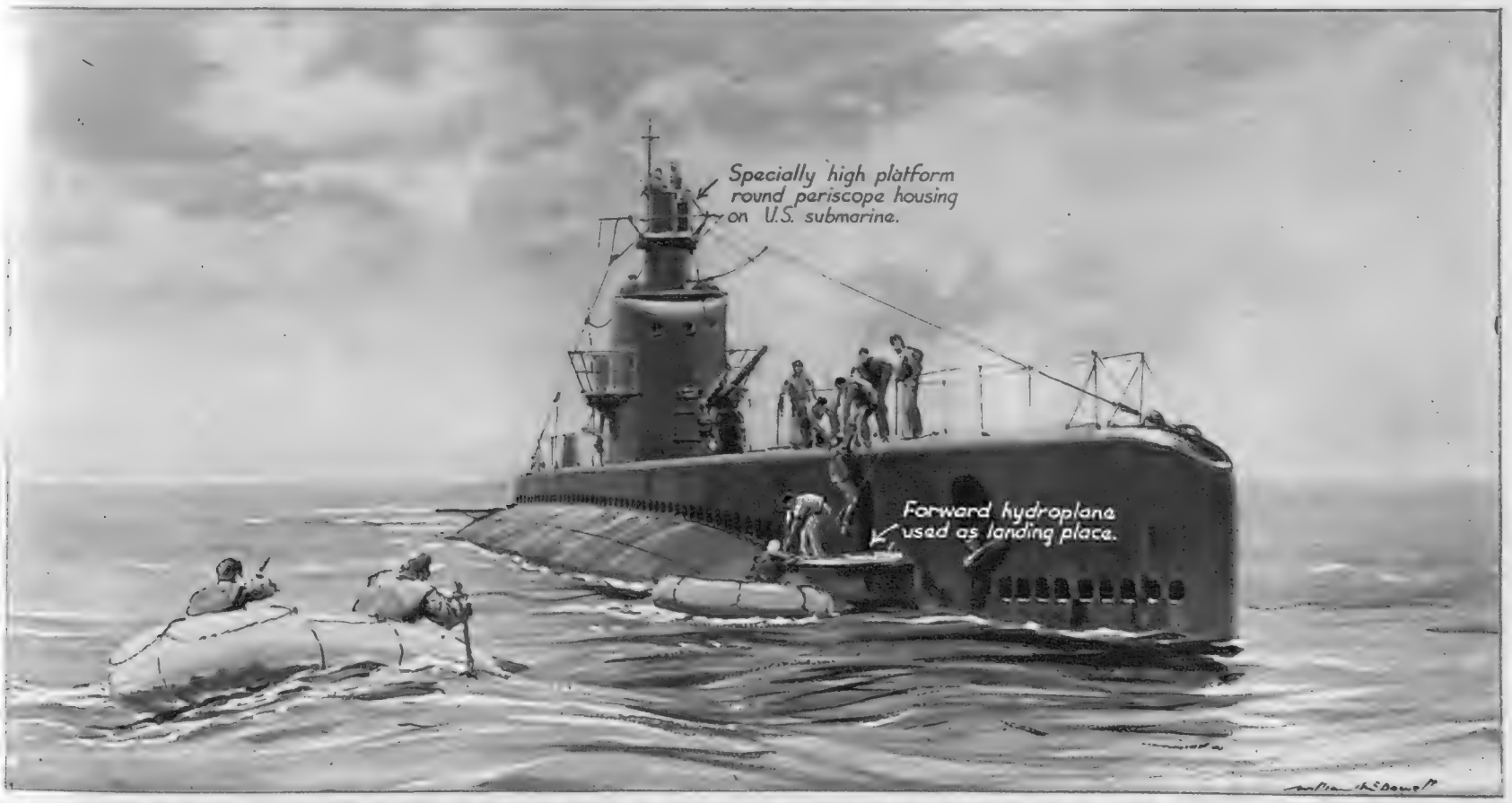
A NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE IS LAUNCHED AT A NORTHERN SHIPYARD: This picture typifies the appearance of the newest British underwater craft, and shows the surprising depth of the hull of the vessel and the great "blisters" which run along her side. This submarine was launched only a few weeks ago—by a foreman who helped to build her. The newest submarines in the Royal Navy have a displacement of 1,090-1,575 tons and carry a complement of fifty-three. Each costs around £350,000 to build



THE RECONSTRUCTED FRENCH BATTLESHIP "RICHELIEU" IN ACTION IN THE FAR EAST, BOMBARDING JAP COASTAL POSITIONS: On the left is the Dutch cruiser "Tromp," and to the right is a British cruiser of the Dido class—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The *Richelieu* was completed in 1940 in Brest, as a sister-ship to the *Jean Bart*. The latter was taken to Casablanca in an incomplete condition after the fall of France in June 1940, and was not finally finished till 1943. Both ships were partially rearmed with American guns in that year. Both have a displacement of 35,000 tons, and a speed of over 30 knots: their complement is 1,670. On the *Richelieu* the arrangement of the guns is quite unorthodox. The main armament of eight 15-in. guns are all mounted forward in two turrets: her secondary armament consists of twenty 5-in. dual-purpose guns of American design, and she is unusually well provided with Bofors and Oerlikon anti-aircraft weapons. A curious feature of the battleship is her one square and sloping funnel. Originally she had two catapults aft for launching aircraft, but these appear to have been removed in favour of anti-aircraft guns. She is now an important unit of the Allied Fleet operating in the Far East

***On left*—A SUPER U.S. DESTROYER OF THE 2,200-TON CLASS, THE "HANK":** She has been built at the Kearny Yard in New Jersey as one of the tremendous number of new warships ordered for the American Navy since the outbreak of war. These vessels have the fighting power of cruisers of the last war. They are now used in large numbers to cover the many amphibious operations in the Pacific



THE OCEAN-GOING TYPE OF AMERICAN SUBMARINE, WHICH HAS A DISTINCTIVE CONNING-TOWER, WITH A HIGH PLATFORM ROUND THE PERISCOPE HOUSING: The forward hydroplane is strong enough to make a convenient landing-stage for emergency purposes—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* Most of the newest American under-water craft are of some 1,500 tons displacement. Scores of them have been pouring out of shipyards in the U.S. during recent months: it is believed that, to facilitate rapid building, many are of the same general type and of all-welded construction. The average time of construction has been reduced to about nine months

THE MANIFESTO OF DON JUAN: By a proclamation dated March 19, H.R.H. Don Juan, Count of Barcelona and heir to the Spanish Throne, addressed an appeal to the people of Spain and to General Franco, whom he asked to relinquish his authority. Don Juan is offering himself to the Spaniards as a peacemaker, and affirms that the monarchy is the only method of achieving the union of all parties. He is pictured above at his home in Lausanne

BRITAIN'S SMALLEST MINESWEEPERS CLEAR THE PORT OF RAVENNA: Although these craft were designed for smooth-water work close inshore, they have also been working at sea

After Ravenna, the port on the Adriatic coast of Italy, had fallen to the Eighth Army, it was the Royal Navy's job to clear the port of mines. And, so shallow was the water, it proved a difficult task. Even the minesweeping motor-launches, small craft of shallow draught, found that the mines in the port had been laid in such shallow water and so near the surface that they could not sweep the area without certain casualties.

It was in Ravenna, therefore, that the Landing Craft (Vehicle) Minesweepers went into action for the first time, setting the record for the smallest minesweepers in the Royal Navy. These ships were originally designed for smooth-water work close inshore, but they have been working at sea with the larger minesweepers. Each craft is commanded by a Petty Officer or leading seaman, with perhaps one officer in charge of four craft. The four or five seamen on board have to stream the sweeps and carry out sweeping operations by themselves, and their efficiency can be judged from the fact that the flotilla claims a "bag" of nearly thirty mines. In close support of the Eighth Army, these craft and the larger minesweepers entered Ravenna very soon after its capture

PICTURES FROM MANY QUARTERS

A Collection of Views from the Battle Areas of the World

GOVERNMENTAL UPHEAVAL IN JAPAN: With the resignation of the entire Cabinet of General Koiso, Admiral Kantaro Suzuki, seventy-seven-year-old President of the Privy Council, formed the new Japanese Cabinet. The Admiral is shown on the left with Emperor Hirohito

V.C. PRESENTATION PARADE IN DELHI: Field-Marshal Lord Wavell at Red Fort, Delhi, on March 3 last, when he presented five V.C.s—the greatest number presented in India on one occasion. Three of the awards were posthumous. Above is seen the heavily-veiled widow of Acting-Subadar Ram Sarup Singh receiving her husband's V.C. from the Viceroy

THE COVETED MEDAL: Nath Kaur, widow of Acting-Subadar Ram Sarup Singh, displays her husband's medal, which he won for great courage displayed in leading a bayonet charge in the Tiddim area, Assam-Burma border. During a second charge he was killed when only 5 yards from the enemy bunkers

AMERICAN PLANES FOR RUSSIA over the roar of Niagara Falls: Three Bell P-63 Kingcobras, each bearing the Red Star insignia of the Soviet Air Force, start on their 10,000-mile flight to Russia. These planes are ferried by pilots of the Air Transport Command from Niagara Falls, New York, to Ladd Field, Alaska. There they are turned over to Russian pilots who fly them across Siberia to bases on the Eastern Front. Firm favourites of the Russians, more than 6,000 of these cannon-carrying fighters, and their predecessors, P-39 Airacobras, have been Lend-Leased to the Soviet. In this picture, the American falls are on the left, the Canadian Horseshoe Falls on the right

SECRET WEAPONS ON THE SCRAP-HEAP: Rows of "Beetle Tanks" lie piled amongst enemy equipment captured by the U.S. Seventh Army at Bamberg. These remote-controlled, self-propelled miniature tanks—one time Hitler's latest secret weapon—were never a success, and the scrap-heap seems a very suitable resting-place for them. They first made their appearance at Anzio, when a number of them were destroyed by the Allies and others were captured and examined

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE RUSSIANS IN BERLIN—SENT BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW: It shows tanks of the Red Army carrying shock troops for street-fighting through a devastated area near the heart of the German capital. The incredible devastation brought about by the stubborn resistance of the Nazis is well emphasised here: all the buildings in this view are damaged beyond repair and the streets are littered with piles of debris

THE FIRST RUSSIANS TO PENETRATE INTO THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL: These men were the first to break into Vienna. From left to right are Private Chetverikov, Lieut. Komar, Sergeant Danelyan, Junior, and Sergeant Chuvcliev

THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP, MUTUAL ASSISTANCE AND POST-WAR COLLABORATION BETWEEN THE SOVIET UNION AND YUGOSLAVIA: From left to right in this picture are: N. Petrovic, I. V. Sadchikov, S. Simic, S. T. Bazarov, I. Subasic, Marshal Stalin, V. M. Molotov and A. Y. Vyshinsky. Marshal Tito is actually signing the document

IN ITALY, TROOPS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY STORM ACROSS THE SENIO RIVER: The infantry are here starting to move up the bank of the river in the wake of the flame-throwers and tanks. New Zealanders formed the spearhead of the attack

R.A.F. BEAUFIGHTERS HIT A GERMAN U-BOAT AND THREE ENEMY SHIPS: A U-boat, a naval auxiliary, a small merchantman and a depot ship were all hit by Beaufighters of R.A.F. Coastal Command during an attack on German shipping in Josing Fiord, Norway, on April 14. There was heavy flak from shore-based batteries and from the ships. This picture, taken during the attack, shows two of the Beaufighters, which have actually penetrated the narrow entrance to the fiord, skimming the side of the cliff to carry out their low-level attack. One of the Beaufighters is within a stone's-throw of a shore battery. The enemy vessels in the foreground are shrouded in smoke; smoke is also billowing from the merchantman at the other end of the fiord

Above—**NEW ZEALANDERS GOING UP OVER THE RIVER SENIO STOPBANK:** One man is carrying a footbridge on his back. *On right*—**BRITISH INFANTRY AND ARMOUR STREAM OVER THE SANTERNO after the crossing of the Senio.** Following a terrific air bombardment, the Eighth Army stormed and crossed the River Senio, in Italy, on April 9. In the spearhead of the assault were troops of the 2nd New Zealand Division under General Freyberg, who launched an attack between Fusignano and San Severo and quickly advanced 1,000 yards beyond the river. After the breaching of the enemy defences on the River Senio, British troops of the 8th Indian Division then advanced to the River Santerno and forced crossings over it against stiff opposition

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THESE . . . .

Memories of Berlin and Some of the Other Principal Cities of the Reich in the Days of Their Glory

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is almost impossible to reconcile the bestialities of Belsen with the gracious medieval cities of the Reich, and yet perhaps "medieval" is the operative word; the Nazis have returned in one bound to the Middle Ages and the Hunnish activities of their ancestors.

Berlin, admittedly, was neither gracious nor medieval. Before the arrival of the R.A.F. and the Red Armies it was a powerful green-and-white city, barely seventy years old. It covered an area of not less than 341 square miles—bigger than London or New York—even before the many extensions which must have been made during the present war. Unlike Paris and London, it had no central fortifications from which to radiate. It had, in fact, no architectural plan at all.

Between the two wars thousands of blocks of flats sprang up in the direction of Wannsee, and the whole city looked immensely solid and well built. Its inhabitants borrowed millions of pounds from England and the United States, and spent a great deal of it on substantial new houses. There was not a jerry-built one to be seen in the whole coarse and pompous city.

It used to take at least twenty-four hours in Berlin to begin to get any clue to its main features. These were Unter den Linden, the Friedrichstrasse, the Kurfurstendamm, the Tiergarten and Potsdamerplatz, which would compare, roughly, with Piccadilly, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Hyde Park and Piccadilly Circus. The Tiergarten, however, was three times the size of Hyde Park, and Unter den Linden was more like Rotten Row than Piccadilly. The Marble Arch of Berlin was the Brandenburger Tor, and until the Kaiser abdicated nobody was allowed to drive through it except him. In 1807 Napoleon took it off to Paris. In 1814 it was brought back, and the laurel wreath was further adorned with the Iron Cross. Altogether, it was 66 ft. high and straddled the entrance from the Tiergarten to Parisser Platz. Parisser Platz was a fine square containing the French Embassy and two old palaces and the Adlon Hotel. It stood at the head of Unter den Linden, the most beautiful boulevard in Berlin, which had no exact equivalent in any other city in the world. It was the route along which victorious kings marched at the head of their troops, and was 200 ft. wide.

The first street that crossed Unter den Linden, as you faced it from the Tiergarten, was Wilhelmstrasse. This was the Whitehall of Berlin, with the British Embassy at No. 70, and the Ministry of Education, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Foreign Office and the former palace of President von Hindenburg. If you followed the Unter den Linden, you came to the Hotel Bristol, which ranked No. 3 in the list of Berlin hotels, the old Russian Embassy, the Café Unter den Linden, where you sat and sipped and watched the passing crowds, the State library, the palatial headquarters of the German State Bank, the Frederick William University, the old palace of Kaiser Wilhelm the First and the Opera House.

Then there was the Schloss, with its 700 rooms and its 1,000 windows. It contained the Chapel of St. Erasmus, the bedroom of Frederick the Great, the Sternsaal, the ceiling of which was decorated with golden stars, the ex-Kaiser's reception-room and the ex-Kaiser's study, on the writing-table of which was a pen made from the wood of the *Victory*. This was used, by the irony of fate and the Kaiser, to sign the orders for mobilisation in 1914. So it was rather worth a second glance.

The city of Potsdam was pretty and ineffectual. Crowning and disfiguring it was the Palace of Sans Souci. This was a one-storied rococo building, in flagrant imitation of Versailles. The picture-gallery contained a number of luscious, vulgar, flesh-tinted nudes which would be suppressed as indecent if sent as picture postcards in this country.

Munich was a lovely city, although its chief industry was beer. The finest collections of sculpture and paintings in the whole of Germany were to be found in this city. In the old Pinakothek there were seventy-four works of Rubens. Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Raphael and Titian and El Greco were all represented in this Gallery; perhaps these masterpieces too have been liberated by the Americans. That may also be the case of many of the works of Raeburn, Reynolds, Morland and Gainsborough. Munich contained the most efficient museum in the world—the Deutsches. Its avowed object was to demonstrate historically the growth of natural and technical sciences in a way that could be readily understood by everybody. The visitor was allowed to press every lever, wind every handle, and touch every exhibit that he could reach. One could make a railway engine whistle, a seagull's wings flap, and set wheels spinning and crankshafts working—or X-ray one's own arm and try to hold a bar of iron straight when a magnet was pulling it sideways.

The treasures of the Bavarian National Museum must also have been moved somewhere else. The majority of the museum pieces had been taken from their original resting-places in churches, chapels and cathedrals all over Bavaria: wood-carvings from Ingoldstadt, altars from Tranin, stained glass from Rattisbon, battle-axes from Augsburg, treasures from churches in Wurzburg and Munnerstadt, a portal and ceiling from the Fugger-haus. There were several other museums and picture-galleries including the private apartments of Mad King Ludwig.

Frankfurt, now a ruin, was the home of the Rothschilds and of Goethe. The Rothschilds lived at 26, Borne-Strasse, which used to be the ghetto. Nathan Rothschild was the man who watched the Battle of Waterloo as an interested spectator, rushed back to London two days ahead of Wellington's despatches, and started a bull movement on the Stock Exchange which netted him £3,000,000. On the two floors above the Rothschilds lived the founder of the de Worms' fortunes, while next door was the home of Jacob Schiff's grandfather.

From the ghetto to the Romer is only a few minutes by car. This old town hall consisted of a dozen fine houses with lovely gables. The Kaiser Hall was a great vaulted chamber with stained-glass windows and a dim, religious light. It saw many Emperors, for when the electors chose an Emperor among themselves, he dined with them and then showed himself to the populace in the cobbled square outside. On one wall was an ancient German inscription which read, "One man's speech is but half a speech; both sides should be duly heard." Too bad that Hitler didn't pay attention to this. The market-place of Frankfurt was flanked by little houses in yellow, blue or green wash, with stained-glass windows, crucifixes and window-boxes of geraniums. In peacetime the best restaurant in Frankfurt was the oddly-named Falstaff.

Wiesbaden was like a crystallised plum of the Edwardian Age—stately, quiet, leafy—with boulevards and clipped hedges, green squares and broad streets, a park, an opera-house, a natural-history museum, twenty-seven hot springs and the Rathaus, formerly the palace of a Princess and well known between the wars to British doctors who went there for medical conferences. The Kaiser Frederick Bad was a nineteenth-century glass-and-marble building which cost £300,000 to build, and was the most luxurious and up-to-date spa building in the world. It was the plumber's dream come true.

Bonn used to be a sleepy old town, with 3,000 undergraduates, a museum full of Roman antiquities and the house where Beethoven lived. The best thing about Bonn, however, was the bridge which linked it with the town of Beuel. In 1880 the citizens of Bonn suggested to the citizens of Beuel that they might club together and build a bridge, which would be good for trade and save time and trouble. This was agreed, but when the unveiling ceremony was performed, two strange symbolic ornamental figures were observed, showing the wife of the Burgomaster of Beuel and the rump of the architect.

Hamburg, of course, has been flattened. In peacetime it was probably the gayest port in the world, with more cinemas, taverns, night-clubs and cafés, all flood-lit, than any other city in the world. It used to be known as the "City of Light." But Reperbahn and Great Freedom, to give the English equivalent, must be as dead as the dodo. The city itself was a fine, well-built place, with decorative lakes, boulevards and the famous Hagenbeck Zoo. The German lawn-tennis championships and golf championships were held regularly at Hamburg.

It is one of the oddities of Hanover that, if the Salic law had not existed, Hanover would still belong to England. That is to say, King George V would also have been King of Hanover—a very awkward situation in 1914. For Queen Victoria was the closest in line to the throne of Hanover, but as she was a woman, the throne went to her cousin.

Hanover is a city of the dead. I wonder whether the body of King George I of England has been moved from the limestone church attached to the palace, where it lay. Hanover had, of course, many associations with England. In Waterloo Platz there was the column commemorating the feats of the Hanoverian Infantry, who fought alongside Wellington, instead of alongside Blücher, at Waterloo. Hanover before the war was very reminiscent of the vain little German princelings, long before those killers, the Hohenzollerns, bludgeoned their way up from Nuremberg, Brandenburg and Prussia, upsetting the peace of the world.

I have said nothing about Cologne, though I knew it well. Like Hanover, it is a city of the dead. Its cathedral took 632 years to build, and was supposed to contain the bones of the three Magi, and their reliquary, adorned with rubies, turquoises and sapphires. There were over forty religious buildings listed in the local guide. The city was famous for the factory of the "4711" Eau de Cologne. The origin of the name was due to Napoleon, who captured the town and numbered all the houses for billeting purposes. The number 4711 was given to the home of the founder of the scent factory.

WHEN HITLER WAS 50 YEARS OF AGE . . . .

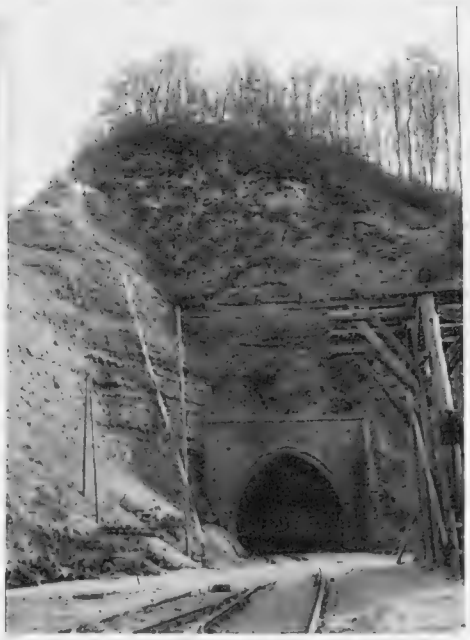
THE FÜHRER'S MIGHTY LEGIONS: A view of the spectacular military parade in Berlin's Paradestrasse on the occasion of Hitler's fiftieth birthday in April 1939, before the Nazis' mechanised forces had run riot over Europe and met their match at the hands of the Allies on the field of battle

SIX YEARS LATER . . . .

AFTER A RAID ON BERLIN: A load of coffins brought to the Frankfurter Allee after an Allied air attack on the south-east area of the capital. On the van are written the words "Be without sorrow"

LIFE AMID PILES OF DEBRIS: In this street in Berlin, the roadway has been cleared by Italian prisoners and slave labour to allow the tramcars to function. In the background is the City Hall, partly burnt out

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



THE ENTRANCE TO THE DAIMLER-BENZ WORKS at Neckarelz, near Heidelberg. This tunnel leads through the hillside to the galleries where aircraft parts were manufactured underground

One of the UNDERGROUND FACTORIES of the NAZIS

Where the German War Machine Functioned Despite Allied Bombing

As the Allied bombing attacks on Germany became more and more severe, Nazi war production was driven underground in many of the more vulnerable parts of the Reich. Several of these war-production plants have now been discovered and occupied by our armies advancing towards Berlin and the Bavarian "Redoubt"

The latest—which may be typical of many others—was found by the U.S. Seventh Army: it was built into the side of a hill, 600 ft. high, above the River Neckar at Neckarelz, 30 miles from the city of Heidelberg. It was owned by the Daimler-Benz Motor Company and was engaged in the manufacture of vital parts for aircraft.

The area excavated beneath the hill is one and three-quarters of a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide: it is divided into 150 sections, each well lighted, well ventilated and well equipped.

THE WELL-WOODED HILL, 600 FT. HIGH, beneath which the factory is located. It is both bomb-proof and undetectable from the air

A VIEW OF ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND WORKSHOPS, showing the fine machine tools with which the factory was well supplied. Each gallery was well lit and well ventilated

ONE OF THE GALLERIES AT NECKARELZ: On the left of this view is the foreman's office; at the right is a modern lathe; in the background are cylinder blocks for aero engines. This factory, typical of many erected throughout the Reich to counter Allied bombing attacks, has now been occupied by the American Seventh Army near Heidelberg

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE SOCIAL HORIZON.—Fifty years ago a London journalist anonymously published a little book called *The Social Horizon*. I do not know his name. He was credited on the title-page with authorship of *Life in Our Villages*. I don't know if his little book was much noticed, but recently I found a copy on my shelves and, reading it again, I discovered that I had annotated it in 1910 or thereabouts with appreciation; fifty years after its publication I find its sense no less sound and some of its prophecies remarkably fulfilled. I am often struck, in re-reading old books on social, economic and political problems, by clear proofs of human foresight in times condemned as myopic, and by the antiquity and familiarity of theories which we often regard as new, and originating in our present-day problems. That nothing is new is a commonplace, but a commonplace we seldom pay attention to.

There were men in 1892 grappling with the problems we are facing to-day after a second world revolution in our generation. And those men lived in times of "durable" peace. Well may you shake your head and declare: "There is no new thing under the sun, for mankind never makes progress to new ground." That would be a great exaggeration, if a justifiable piece of petulance; but it *is* true that in human progress the army of reconstruction (the Todt battalions) lags too far behind the shattering shock troops of scientific invention. Science and other forces change the face of nature and social life, but the beneficiaries have not so far advanced their ideas as to be able to exploit the gains or turn the spoils to their advantage or to the good of mankind.

Christian Socialism.—The author disclaimed in his preface any connection with the Socialism of that day or any influence from its writings. He was (he said) a man with an open mind who had for a long time been face to face with the problems of poverty and industrial strife and had tried to find a way out of them for himself.

He deals with big business and monopoly, farming of the future, national finance, jobbery and corruption, class distinctions, State control of essential industry, small shopkeepers, small investors, the alleged dangers of extinguishing individuality, enterprise and initiative by State control, the "nationalisation" and right direction of inventions, hours of labour, hours for recreation, the more than ever vital need of restoring in social life the principles of brotherhood, mutual help and Christianity. And the remedies he suggested for the discontents of his day were very much the remedies which a Second World War in our time forced upon us.

In speaking of the need of human brotherhood, he says: "Human brotherhood is precisely what it always has been; but if you want to make it effective to-day you must totally alter your methods. It must no longer be expressed in casual charity in individual cases. You must change your entire conception of human evolution under divine direction. You must rise to the conception of an organised society in which every man shall have his place and his work. You must forget the old cliché 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,' and accept the revolutionary truth that God (in His mysterious way) 'rides in a blaze of electricity and will lever up the world to higher spiritual levels by mechanical invention'—that steam-power and the stress of economic forces, the pressure of competition, the growth of joint-stock enterprise, and the very greed and ambition of mercantile men, these features of the times will produce God's purposes by their own excesses and misdirections. The spiritual regeneration of the world has hitherto been held to be the *indispensable preliminary* to material and social well-being. Facts are teaching us that the very reverse may be the case."

Problems Old as Time.—Arguing on these lines, the author clearly forecasts the coming one by one of the new planks in the platform of a civilised human society which the revolutions of our time have made necessary—necessary, as we at present suppose, as an expedient in total war, but, as we are beginning to realise, also as a sane and long-delayed reconstruction of civilised existence, which will pave the way for the spiritual revival no less necessary to maintain that new order which the wars of our time have accelerated. One by one, he forecasts the coming of all those measures of State control over essential supplies with which we are now familiar and in the justice of many of which we concur. He points out (and we now appreciate) that it is as necessary and equitable to control supplies of meat as to control public water-supplies or transport.

And that line of argument opens up the whole problem of justice to the small shopkeeper and the controversial question of whether State control must in the end kill the chief virtues of our race—individualism, initiative, invention, resource, freedom of spirit—hitherto kept alive (as some think) by cut-throat competition, and so kept alive (as our author thinks) by the wrong medicine and by the suffering and privation of a large part of the community. His conception of an "organised society in which every man shall have his place and work" is to be realised by State control over the hours of labour and recreation; and the individual will foster and develop his qualities of initiative as much in his hours of recreation as in his hours of labour. Instead of three-quarters of the workers working over-long hours and a quarter left in unemployment, the control he envisages must provide reasonable hours of labour and recreation for all.

The Not-So-Bad Old Days.—Familiar and urgent as this problem or ideal sounds to-day in our ears, our anonymous author of fifty years ago sets forth his solutions as boldly and clearly and convincingly as any I have read. The root of the problem is always the nature, limits and efficiency of that control. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* But I am at least glad to recall that as a stripling in the first years of the Edwardian era, I annotated his treatise with notes which prove that I then appreciated both the importance of the problems he described and the solutions he propounded.

Perhaps one is too apt to *dénigrer* the "bad old days" and the selfish, blind Edwardians. Amid the revels and excesses, the luxury and show, the greed and gluttony, men *were* thinking out the problems and discontents of their times and the dangers ahead; and those thinkers are entitled to acknowledgment as seers and prophets and pioneers. So too (as a corrective footnote to history) let us remember that in the darker ages and "worse old days" of the Reform Bill era, pioneers of the same kidney were at work; and in the circles of the maccaronis, the "legs" and the gossips, sober men were thinking out social problems and attempting to cure patent injustices. It will give us a less contemptuous idea of Creevey if we remember that Bennet was his friend and confidant, and of the Edwardian Age if we compile a bibliography of works on social problems published in that reign. It is a notable and constructive list of authorities, by no means outmoded by time or wars.

What is it (I ask myself) which enables a reformer to publish his nostrums and claim originality for his new reforms and notions with so much confidence and certainty? To every man comes, daily and hourly, proof that *no* problem is unknown to the past and no nostrum or political idea the discovery or perquisite of the present. Yet up to a point in his life, your reformer, without hypocrisy or bluff, sincerely believes in, and confidently claims his "discovery" of, a new and a right solution of some problem of his day, the one as new or old as the other.

The answer, I think, is to be found in human nature. Until some sudden revelation or experience comes in late middle age, it is given to the average man to view his own life as an isolated incident of seventy years' (more or less) duration. A day comes (perhaps he sees his own daughter one day looking exactly as he remembers in childhood his grandmother's appearance) when suddenly he sees his life merged into the common foundations of human existence—generation of thirty years piled on generation of thirty years, added to the piling strata of human history; no longer an isolated, individual event, but a little layer of dust superimposed upon a common, universal, slowly-mounting surface. When that revelation comes to him, as inevitably it will, he will lose in self-confidence and perhaps gain in peace of mind. Human life just marches on, often blindfold, always stumbling, feeling its way along the dark road to . . .?

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—The Festival at Stratford-on-Avon is doing remarkably well this year. The beautiful town is crowded, and the fact that several of the hotels are closed for the duration does not make the search for accommodation any easier. I went down to see the "birthday" play—*Antony and Cleopatra*. Mr. Robert Atkins's productions, considering his vast Shakespearean experience, can always be relied upon, and this is one of his best. But the sensation of the evening was Miss Claire Luce's Cleopatra, which seemed to have everything, including a comedy touch when necessary, and, above all, a seductive charm linked with something slightly terrifying. She is also playing Viola, Beatrice, Rosalind and Mistress Ford. Not a bad record for an ex-partner of Fred Astaire! I liked vastly Mr. Antony Eustrel's Antony—plenty of vigour about it—Mr. David Read's Cæsar, and Mr. Tristan Rawson's Enobarbus.

"THE WIND OF HEAVEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: Emlyn Williams, who is also the author of the play, Arthur Hambling, Diana Wynyard and Dorothy Edwards in a scene from the play. The action takes place in a village in the Welsh mountains at the end of the Crimean War. The plot turns on the influence of a village boy with a Messianic message. Miracles are worked and the grasping showman (Emlyn Williams) is converted to a new view of life, as also is the widow (Diana Wynyard)

Perchance to Dream.—Its title is the only Shakespearean touch about this new "musical romance" at the London Hippodrome. But it has admirable qualities in its own line. Mr. Ivor Novello always knows his job, though his genius should not be overlooked. I should not be surprised to find this running as long as its predecessor. The author has adopted the now familiar scheme of taking the same story through the generations, stretching from the Regency to the present day. He plays a country squire with whom two girls seem to be in love. The winner is Miss Roma Beaumont (good actress and dainty dancer), but she has to wait until the end of the last act before she gets him. The music is pretty, with no modern surrealist nonsense about it, the *décor* and dresses are lavish, and there is a good ballet. Miss Muriel Barron, Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. Bobbie Andrews all do well.

THE TWO CONVERTS IN "THE WIND OF HEAVEN." Diana Wynyard and Emlyn Williams, whose performances rank high in the difficult portrayal of the gradual changes in the outlook of the two chief characters

The Shop at Sly Corner.—The chief thing I know about thrillers is that they do not thrill me. I rarely care who murders whom, and when and why—and this is not a question of being blasé. However, this thriller at the St. Martin's is a good one of its kind. It concerns an Alsatian antique dealer who kills a blackmailer and himself dies eventually. This dealer, well played by Mr. Keneth Kent, is a crook and a hypocrite, and seemed to deserve his fate. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt gives a brilliant character study, and Miss Victoria Hopper and Miss Joyce Heron contribute the allure.

A HOUSE FROM AMERICA TO HELP A SERIOUS BRITISH PROBLEM: A prefabricated dwelling is erected at an experimental station, where crews are being trained in the best methods of construction. The house contains a living-room, two bedrooms, bath and kitchen

NEW TEMPORARY HOUSES from the U.S.
—And Other News-Items of Home Interest

A FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM AMERICA, showing the extension which contains the rear entry and storage-space

The first of the prefabricated houses to be sent from America for erection on bombed-out areas of Britain has arrived. Its construction is now being studied at an experimental station, where crews are being trained in the easiest and most economical method of erection. Regular shipments are expected to start during May. The floor-space has been used to the fullest extent and good lighting is provided in all rooms. The house measures 24 ft. by 24 ft., with an extension or wing projecting 4 ft. at one side to give an over-all frontage of over 28 ft. and a total inside floor-space of 600 sq. ft. It contains a living-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. The two bedrooms and the bathroom are grouped together. The kitchen opens off the living-room. The extension provides a front entry, with room for a pram; and a rear entry, with an insulated larder and a hanging-space for brooms and shelves for household supplies opening off the kitchen

KENNINGTON OVAL IS BEING PREPARED FOR PEACETIME CRICKET: This famous spot, the London home of the Surrey County Cricket Club and scene of many historic Test matches, was requisitioned in 1939 with the intention of converting it into a prisoner-of-war camp. Barbed wire was stretched around it and observation posts for sentries were erected: but it was never employed for that purpose, the nearest approach being when a German airman, shot down by day over London, parachuted into it. For a time, searchlights operated from the ground as part of London's A.-A. defences. Soldiers are now removing the barbed wire and uprooting the stakes, prior to the handing back of the Oval to its former owners

IN FEBRUARY 1944, THE TREASURY BUILDING IN WHITEHALL WAS DAMAGED by a German bomb which dropped very close, in the roadway outside. This fact has only just been released by the Censor. The picture above was taken on the morning of February 21, a few hours after the bomb had fallen. The front of the building shows gaping window-frames and pocked walls: inside, ceilings were brought down and other severe damage was sustained

NO. 10, DOWNING STREET IS PROPPED UP: The Treasury bomb also affected the Prime Minister's residence, located at the rear of the larger building. For a time, the house had to be supported with wooden struts until appropriate measures could be taken to render it safe

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ROBERT SOUTHEY IN THE BEST POSSIBLE LIGHT

A Scholarly Biography of a Poet Laureate; Personal Experiences at Nijmegen; A New Simenon; A Study in Dipsomania; A Success Story

IN the line of Poets Laureate, the name of Robert Southey is one of the best known and, as such things go, one of the most famous. An uninspiring lot, with Southey perhaps proving to be one of the dullest of them all.

Maybe he suffers now from his contemporary juxtaposition with some of the brightest stars in English literature. As a Lake poet, he surely wore his successful laurels uneasily in the company of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Of his pre-eminence in the literary world of his time there can be no question. Posterity has dealt with him hardly, if not justly, for he has scarcely yet been forgiven for the self-taught state in which he was in some cases deferred to, and in all cases treated as an equal, by such men as Scott, Shelley, Lamb, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Mr. Jack Simmons' new book, **SOUTHEY** (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is, as every biography should be, dominated by its subject. Industrious to a degree, more often than not flatly pedestrian, gowned in self-righteousness and with a spiteful streak, Southey is not exactly a subject for a colourful, or even a human, character study.

With profound scholarship, Mr. Simmons is at some pains to show his hero in the best possible light. Living with a tyrannical aunt, Southey was forced at a tender age to learn to be patient—a quality which in after-life was to become a valuable attribute to his industriousness. It may have been his inflexible rectitude which forced a disastrous marriage upon Coleridge, whose brother-in-law he was; but the same inflexibility was not apparent in his changed political attitude, nor in the virulence in which he denounced from a High Tory platform the doctrines he so passionately furthered in his youth.

That he was also lacking in generosity is apparent from his early reviews of some pieces by Wordsworth (who at the time badly needed the money), and that monumentally stupid notice of "The Ancient Mariner" which he was never able to live down.

Mr. Simmons' book is a very personal one, and it is meant to be. But for all that we are left with shadowy and vague portraits of the people closest to the subject. We should like to know, for instance, more about the uncle who paid for his education, about his wife (to whom he appears to have been devoted) and about his family life in general. One or two interesting facts do emerge, however, such as that his name was pronounced "Sowthy" (Byron in "Don Juan" rhymes it with "Mouthy"). He was fluent in Portuguese; and he was the author of that immortal childhood story *The Three Bears.*

FIVE GRAVES AT NIJMEGEN, by Eric Baume (Batsford. 2s. 6d.), is a piece which defies classification, and would, in more leisured times, be grouped in a bookseller's catalogue under *belles-lettres.* It is, in fact, a beautifully-written gem of an essay in personal experience. For Mr. Eric Baume was at Nijmegen, in the line, and at the time when the epic of Arnhem was being hammered for all time on to the tablets of history.

It all centres round an "unenclosed enclosure in which lay five British Guardsmen officers and other ranks. For it is of no consequence now whether in their bravery and in the never-ending flowing of their sacrifice they wore chevrons or stars; certainly if their bourne were to be the stars they would need no chevrons; and chevrons sometimes are only misty clouds above a waning moon."

That is but a taste of the quality of the writing. To these five graves comes a diversity of persons, from a Dutch Franciscan friar, who spoke perfect English, peasants who brought flowers, American G.I.s and British troops from all parts of the Commonwealth, to people like the author, who had business there.

Much that has been written about this war will of necessity be transient, but, for all its air of impermanence, this little pamphlet will be read, remembered and appraised during the lifetime of English literature. It is beautiful, and profoundly moving; and I advise my readers to get a copy by whatever means they can.

The new Simenon, **THE SHADOW FALLS** (Routledge. 10s. 6d.), is the first full-length novel he has written since *The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By*, and is far longer than that memorable work. It is, in fact, an event in the reading experience of all true Simenon fans, among whom I have pride in numbering myself.

Following the tendency of all his recent work, this book is much less of a straight *roman policier* than a psychological study, in this case one of the slow but inevitable process of attrition in a big family when the head of the house is removed, and a criminal influence gradually takes his place of authority.

The scene is La Rochelle, and the family, at first glance, the stodgy and unremarkable relatives of a locally important shipowner. When he is found drowned in the harbour mud—no one ever knows by what accident or crime—the family's process of disintegration is hastened, over a period of years, by the activities of a young man who elopes with the youngest daughter and, after some time, marries her.

This youth's ruling passion—indeed, his only real motivating force—is ambition, and although his wife loves him and is happy with him for a number of years, from a careless phrase of his she at length understands that he had forced his way into her family's household, and that his apparent affection for her had been no more than the first and most useful step in an elaborate plan to gain control of the family's money, its business and even the direction of its individual lives.

This cumulative menace is an effect which Simenon can reproduce with a masterly hand. His purely objective writing—the acts only and not the thoughts of his characters are recorded—is immensely telling. There are passages here of which de Maupassant might have been proud. As a story-teller he is pre-eminent; as a wise and profound novelist he should be classed with the most significant. Simenon, in a word, is unique.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HANDEL at Halle in Lower Saxony, captured by the U.S. First Army. A bust of the composer is in a niche in the front wall. George Frederick Handel was born there in February 1685, the son of a surgeon who frowned upon his musical talents. In 1710 he came to England, where he settled and dominated English music for many years. From 1718-21 Handel was organist to the Duke of Chandos, residing in a magnificent mansion at Canons, near Edgware. He died in London in 1759 and was buried in Westminster Abbey

HANDEL'S STATUE IN HALLE: Standing in front of the Rathaus is this statue of Handel, given to the people of Halle by a group of Englishmen. The City Hall in the background has been extensively damaged by shell-fire

Certainly the strangest book of the week is **THE LOST WEEK-END** (John Lane. 8s. 6d.), which is the account, told with a kind of frenzied realism, of a few days and nights in the life of an alcoholic. As a pathological study it is extraordinarily interesting, though it can scarcely be recommended as diverting reading. As a matter of fact, I found that I had to take at least three rests from it, and read another book as a restorative. This may give you some idea of Mr. Charles Jackson's force of writing.

The young man with this distressing weakness is pleasant-looking, sensitive and intelligent in all other respects. That he becomes a dipsomaniac is his tragedy. The progress of his intoxication is told entirely from his point of view, which naturally gives it a greater impact on the reader, who, at the end of two or three chapters, is likely to be feeling a bit dizzy himself.

The man's family and friends use every stratagem to keep him from drinking; his own ingenuity gets the best of them in every case. He knows how to hide his supply of drink, how to slip out to buy it, how to raise the money for it; and he uses all the processes of rationalisation and specious argument to prove to himself that he has his disability under control, and that all he needs is just three drinks to feel fine again. Maybe only two . . .

It is neither a pleasant nor an edifying book, but it certainly is an argument against alcoholism. I find that, even in writing these few lines about it, I 've acquired quite a headache.

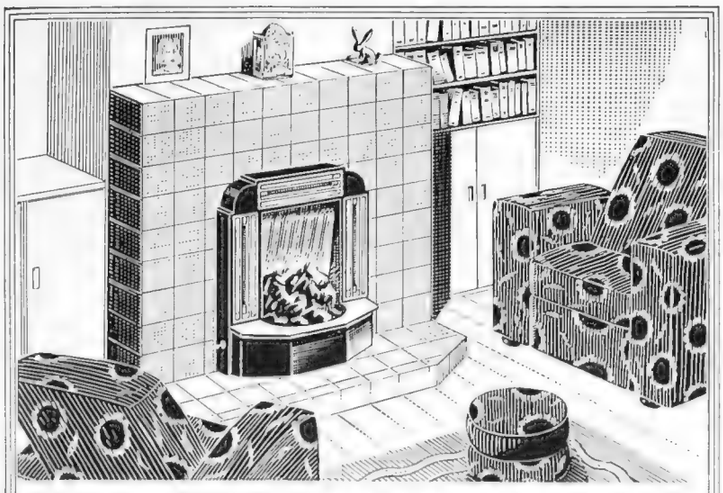
IN LOVE WITH LIFE (Hollis and Carter. 15s.) is an excellent title for a success story, which, in fact, is what this autobiography amounts to. Its author, Miss Gordon Holmes, has had the still unusual career for a woman of financier. Starting in a stockbroker's office about forty years ago at the princely salary of one pound a week, she rapidly showed her capabilities, and within a few years was in a position of great authority within the firm.

Human nature being what it is—at least sometimes—this rapid rise did not endear her to her colleagues, and Miss Holmes left to start a firm of her own, which proved successful to the point of crowding out the business of the former venture. From this point on, it seems that her life developed into a whirl from country to country, and she becomes the feminine counterpart of the "international financier" type of my imagination, known to every *chef de train* from Calais to Stamboul, and getting impressive co-operation from pursers on Cunard liners.

Miss Holmes' career, however, has not been unclouded by personal trouble, and for the last fifteen years she has been severely handicapped by phlebitis, and it is her philosophical, almost humorous acceptance of this illness and the limitations it imposes on her activity that is one of the most human and moving things about this book, which makes up in spirit what it lacks in literary polish.

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

CHILDREN IN HOMES. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, have 800 children under their care. They are happy, well-fed, well-clothed and well-educated. The major proportion of them are better off than if they were in their own homes.



Electric HEATING *by* Creda

A fire in tasteful design, of a type or finish for any scheme of decoration—this is Creda Electric Heating from which you get warmth without work. Make a note for your post-war home.

your constant servant

Issued by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

The Miles Magister, known in pre-war days throughout the world as "the first basic trainer of the new era," and the Miles Master, since the war the standard advanced trainer for fighter pilots of the R.A.F., are but two of the notable stepping stones in the development of Miles Aircraft, which, new in conception and design, will lead on the Civil air routes of the future.

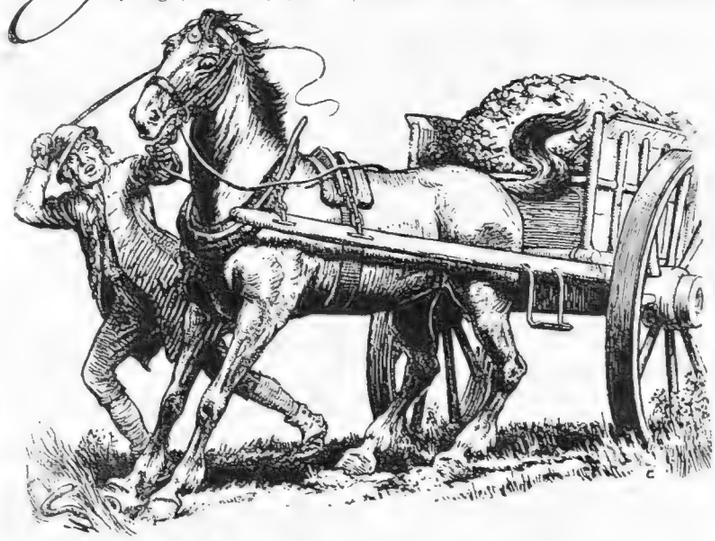
Miles AIRCRAFT LTD.
READING ENGLAND

For the motorist whose possessions express his personality.

4¼-litre Straight Eight

JENSEN MOTORS LTD., WEST BROMWICH, ENGLAND

A good servant doth not all commands



HERE ARE TWO GOOD STOP NUTS

Which should you choose for your purpose? Will you tell us or shall we tell you? Neither. Let's decide together.

THIS was one time when the horse knew best. *He* saw the snake in the path. Let's hope he got a good feed of oats after his beating. There have been times when we have taken a beating for refusing to do as we were told. But such occasions are rare. Happily for us our customers know how to treat a good servant. As for those who think they know it all and aren't willing to listen to mere servants — well, they just don't get the best out of us.

SIMMONDS
Servants to Industry

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LIMITED · GREAT WEST RD. LONDON · A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP
LONDON · MELBOURNE · MONTREAL · PARIS · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES
13

'EN-TOUT-CAS'

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

For 30 years previous to the war EN-TOUT-CAS were the

Pioneers and THE *Leading Makers of*

HARD COURTS
in GREAT BRITAIN

HAVING MADE APPROXIMATELY

1,000 COURTS PER YEAR

including the Championship Courts for this and other countries.

There is every indication that this confidence will be renewed, judging from the large numbers of orders already received—We hope to have sufficient experts available to cope with this demand immédiately war conditions permit—

SQUASH COURTS

Having acquired the sole rights for making CARTER'S SQUASH COURTS, we shall have the assistance of Lt.-Col. Carter as soon as he is released from his military duties—

Please send us your enquiries for: Hard Lawn Tennis and Squash Courts, Playing Fields and Welfare Grounds, Bowling Greens and Public Parks, **Prefabricated** and All Types of Buildings, Ground Preparation for Housing Estates, Roads, Drains, etc.

By Appointment to the late King George V.

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. LTD.
SYSTON - - - LEICESTER
Telephone: 86177 Syston

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden

KIA-ORA looks forward!

Meantime there is an acute shortage of bottles for war-time soft drinks. Will you please return your empties to your retailer?

DUFRAIS

Special

VINEGARS

Tarragon
Garlic
Chili

Elder
Cider
Eschalot
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar

AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1

Flowers take colour from the sun. The brighter its rays the lovelier they appear—like Sundour unfadable furnishing fabrics.

Sundour

"WARDONIA"

FOR BETTER SHAVES

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

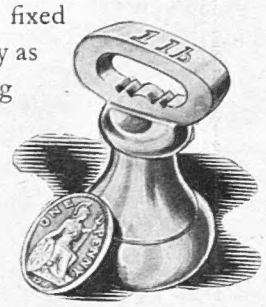
Blue Prints are ready

The post-war schemes on the Main Line Railways include plans for tracks capable of running speeds of at least 80 miles an hour: the reconstruction of bridges; widening of lines; the completion of electrification works stopped by the war and, later, the rebuilding of hundreds of stations on the most modern lines.

In the meantime the railways are working 24 hours a day to carry the supplies needed for victory.

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

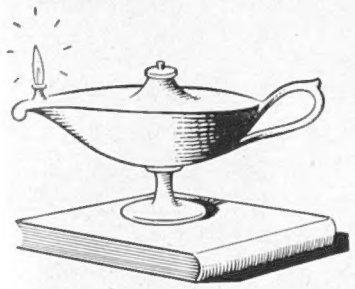
How far will a penny take a pound . . . ? This seemingly paradoxical question will receive a very definite answer when aviation discards its battle-dress to serve industrial and civil air transport needs. For instance, "a penny a pound to Paris" may prove to be an economically possible freight rate. Other fixed distance rates may be relatively as low . . . "Bristol" are planning for such possibilities . . . planning aircraft and engines to enable fares and freight rates to be kept to a popular minimum.



Bristol aircraft and engines for civil air transport

THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED

6IIAE



"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

The doctors of the Golden Age were the sun and the good fresh air, and man's leisure to enjoy them. As life became more complex it imposed an increasing strain on human nerves—a strain which has perhaps reached its climax in the last few years. That is why even the strongest nervous system to-day must be kept adequately supplied with organic phosphorus and protein—those two essentials which spell nerve health and vitality. In 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic organic phosphorus and protein are chemically combined, in the form most easily absorbed by the system. If you are feeling tired or run-down ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

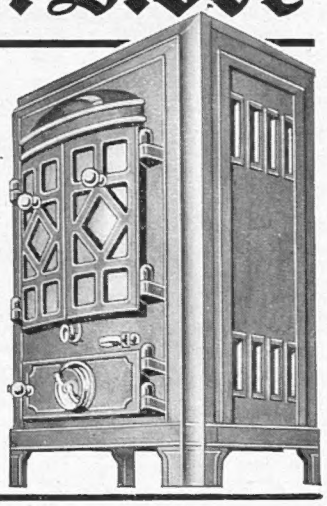
A 'Genatosan' Product.

The Courtier Stove

EFFICIENT — ECONOMIC — HANDSOME

—the 'Courtier' Stove combines all the advantages of a slow-combustion stove with the comfort of an open fire. When full supplies are again available, the 'Courtier' will undoubtedly be the popular solution of all heating problems in your post-war home.

Manufactured by
MITCHELL, RUSSELL & CO. LTD
BONNYBRIDGE . SCOTLAND

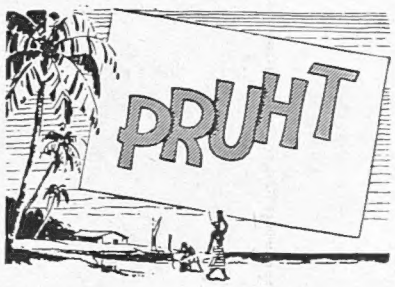


IF YOUR TAILOR CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

Sportex

YOUR SUIT WILL BE MADE OF SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH

S.2c



The Original West Indies APERITIF

Served cold it is a perfect Aperitif; with Ginger Ale it makes a refreshing drink. Taken straight, PRUHT is an ideal 'Pick-me-up.'

PER 23/6 BOTTLE

Obtainable only through licensed dealers

Proprietors: RAWLINGS & SONS (London) LTD.

110
MILLIONS

In the past 130 years members have invested nearly £103,000,000 in premiums.

During the same period over £110,000,000 was paid to members or their families and the Society still holds £38,000,000 out of which to pay the claims of existing members as they arise.

Have you a stake in this strong old mutual Society?

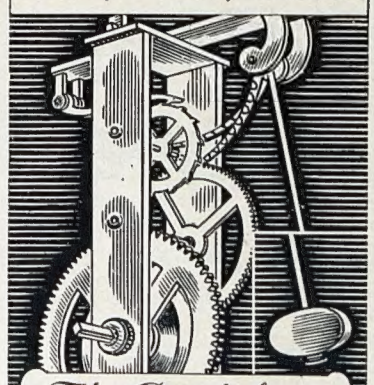
If not—

Write to the Secretary,

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2

CLOCKS *Old & New* No. 2



The Pendulum is Invented

Reputedly conceived in 1590 by Galileo, the Italian astronomer and scientist, it was Christian Huygens, the equally eminent Dutch scientist, who in 1657 first patented a pendulum clock. This clock possessed a verge escapement similar to that used in earlier clocks, but the foliot balance was replaced by a thin metal bar passing through a slot in the pendulum rod.

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS Regd.
PLUG IN TO GREENWICH TIME
The 'Last Word' in Precision Timekeeping

Scientific O & N 2D

ah! oh!
SOLO

SOLO MEANS *REAL* ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX "A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales
An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
in the quiet of the Cathedral Close

THE GEORGIAN HOTEL
HASLEMERE SURREY
Spend a Restful Leave at this Charming Country Hotel. Good cooking. Fully licensed. Two acres of "old-world" gardens. Tel. Management—268 for Tariff.

ON WINDERMERE LAKE
LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL
OWN BOATS AND BOAT LANDING BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN LAKELAND

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN
One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol Quiet, restful amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 20/- per day incl. Own salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL, MARLOW
Comfort, good food, and a well-stocked bar await you at this well-known Hotel in one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames Valley, only 30 miles from London. Tel. No.: Marlow 15.

FUIDGE MANOR, SPREYTON, MID DEVON
The best of English food, and every modern comfort, in a friendly old Devon Manor House. Bracing climate, attractive countryside. Cocktail Bar, Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, Billiards; with riding and fishing near by. Terms from 7 gns. a week inclusive. 'Phone: Whiddon Down 205.

HEADLAND HOTEL
TORQUAY
Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

V225 KERFOOT

The modern treatment for Colds

VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

•

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTION!

★ ★ ★ ★

Vantella SHIRTS TO MATCH "Van Heusen" REGD. COLLARS

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1. New Oxford Street London. W.C.1. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Elegant

FRONT AND BACK

'GOR-RAY' REGD.
Skirts
LOOK FOR THE "GOR-RAY" LABEL

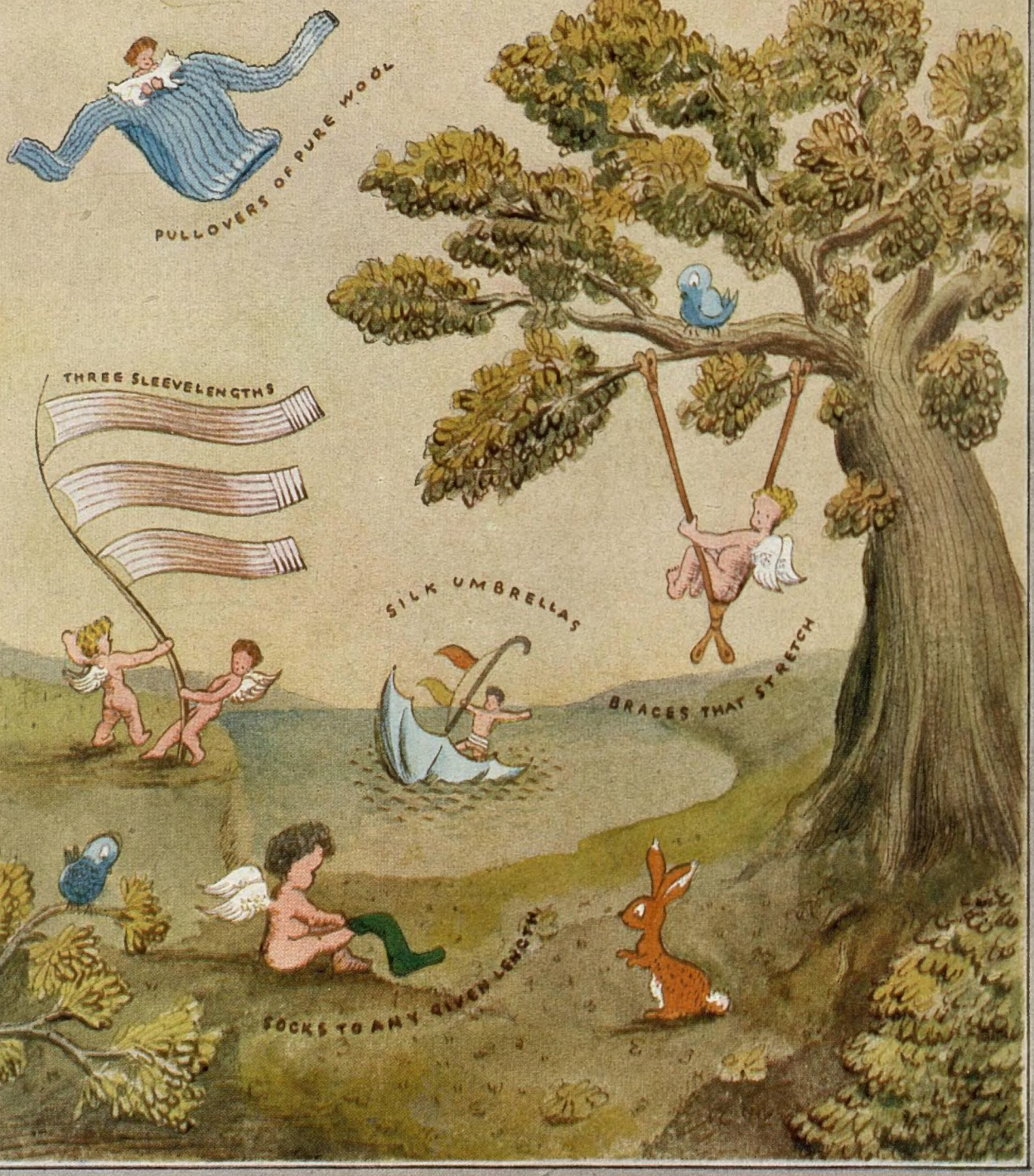
It's those little intricacies in cut which make your "Gor-ray" Skirt 'hang' so elegantly *even after long wear*. No undue 'seating' occurs however many hours you spend at a desk. No feeling of being hobbled mars your freedom as you hurriedly take your longest strides. The "Zwow" man-style pocket too, is an attractive convenience which brilliantly replaces the ugly old-style placket. "Gor-ray" Skirts in a wide variety of styles and materials are obtainable at good drapers and stores everywhere.

ALL THE BETTER FOR THE "ZWOW" POCKET

ISSUED BY C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICK

Gor-ray C. 104A

When peace brings back the plenty
the Austin Reed Service
will be there



AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, May 5, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.